

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 186.—4 DECEMBER, 1847.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Memorabilien*. By KARL IMMERMANN. 3 vols. Hamburg: 1840-1843.
2. *Personalien*. By FRIED. JACOBS. Leipzig: 1840.
3. *Memoiren des Freiherrn von S—a*. Berlin.
4. *Was ich erlebte*. By HEINRICH STEFFENS. Vols. V. & VI.
5. *Erinnerungen aus dem äusseren Leben*. By ERNST MORITZ ARNDT. 3d edition. Leipzig: 1842.
6. *Adalbert von Chamisso; Leben und Briefe*. (Chamisso's Life and Letters.) Edited by J. E. HITZIG. 2 vols. Berlin: 1839.
7. *Scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany*. Translated from the German of Varnhagen von Ense. By SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, Bart. London: 1847.
8. *Vorlesungen über die Freiheitskriege*. By JOH. GUST. DROYSSEN. Kiel: 1846.
9. *Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben*. By W. L. V. GRAFEN HENKEL VON DONNERSMARK, K. P. General-Lieutenant. Zerbst: 1846.

It is so long since we proposed to our readers to accompany us a step further in our attempt to trace the progress of society and manners in Germany,\* that they have doubtless lost all memory of our invitation. But there are things which can never become obsolete or uninteresting; and if there be a spectacle in the world calculated forever to awaken the curiosity, and engage the sympathies of mankind, it is that of the moral decline of a great nation, followed by its political overthrow; and finally of its resurrection, purified and strengthened by adversity.

Such is the spectacle which we would now fain present to our readers; and we have been induced to enter on the task, less by any confidence in our own power to do it justice, than by the doubt whether the many affecting descriptions of these scenes, contained in the works of men acting or suffering in them, will ever meet the eye of the English public in any other way. From one of these works, the Autobiography of M. Varnhagen von Ense, a very judicious and happy selection has lately been made by Sir Alexander Duff Gordon. But we question whether many of these memoirs will be translated, or even extensively read, in England. Perhaps, therefore, we shall be doing a not unacceptable service to our readers, in bringing some of the more striking passages contained in them before their notice; connecting these by such a slight historical thread as our space will permit.

We formerly expressed a wish to confine ourselves chiefly to the province of domestic and social life; and may still avow the same predilection. But, what is domestic life, in a country ruined,

insulted, trodden under foot and despoiled by foreign armies and foreign rulers? Those only who have heard it described by sufferers and eye-witnesses, can understand how entirely all the objects, plans, pursuits, and affections of social existence take their color from such overwhelming political events.

We shall use our historical thread, however, no further than to make our extracts intelligible and coherent to those who may not be familiar with the story of the War of Liberation. In recurring to scenes so afflicting to humanity, and so little honorable to the people of France, we have not the least intention of reawakening slumbering resentments against them, or marking them out as peculiarly deserving of the condemnation of mankind. They were but the legitimate successors of the Prussians in the all-corrupting school of conquest; and, if we must acknowledge that the vices and enormities they learned in it were more glaring, we must also recollect that they were the result of more deadly provocation, were committed in more heated blood, and were exhibited on a wider and loftier stage. If the study of the causes on which depends the character of an individual be deeply interesting, the investigation of those which go to form the character of a nation are far more so; and we believe it will be found that, in both cases, great, rapid, and brilliant success is alike fatal. In this dizzy career, every tutelary genius appointed to guard our way through life—conscience, humanity, moderation, prudence—one after another, take their flight; till at length the nation, or the man, drunk with triumphs and abandoned to the madness of power, defies the opinions and outrages the feelings of mankind, wearies the patience of Heaven, and rushes on inevitable ruin. The two nations, which will appear as the chief actors in the tragedy before us, paid in turn the penalty of their "glory." The overthrow of Prussia is not more clearly traceable to the habits and sentiments engendered by the victorious career she had run, than are the reverses of France, and the moral maladies by which she is still afflicted, to the character she acquired and exhibited during the portentous period of her military triumphs.

Such, then, even to the winning party, are the results of aggressive war: to the losing, who does not know that they are wounds and death, hunger and cold; ruined houses, burned cities, and desolate fields; orphan children and childless parents! We need not insist on these grosser and more obvious effects of war. We would rather call the attention of our readers to the complete disturbance of domestic life; the interruption of all useful and beneficent pursuits; the destruction of social confidence; the entire dislocation of the plans and employments, the hopes and the fortunes, of every

\* See Memoirs of Ritter von Lang: *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxviii., p. 327.

class of men not directly employed or interested in the trade of war. It has often been said, with the selfishness of security, that we, in our sea-girt isle, have no idea of what war is. But the obligation which we are under is only so much the more imperative to show what it is, and for that purpose, to look steadily at the fearful details of the hideous whole—comprehended in a word which glides so trippingly over many a thoughtless tongue. And as England's voice is most potent in that great council of nations where this supreme question must generally be decided, it is right that every human being within her realm should learn what an abyss of misery lies hidden under the romance and the splendor of war. We particularly recommend the study to those who can never share its dangers. They are often—shall we say therefore?—the greatest admirers of its splendor and romance; and the least scrupulous as to the sentiments or the measures that render it inevitable.

Before we proceed further, we must inquire, what were the dispositions of the German people towards France at the commencement of the French Revolution? It might have been imagined that the wars of Louis XIV. would have left their minds full of bitter resentment and antipathy; but this was not so. The unequalled *prestige* enjoyed by that monarch, and by his country in his day, overcame every other feeling. France not only occupied the largest place in the eyes of Europe, but was the object of general imitation. French was the language of good society throughout Germany; no one was welcome at the table of Kaunitz who did not speak it. Prince Henry of Prussia affected to be hardly able to speak German; and we all know what were the tastes of his illustrious brother. Even the men of letters who hung about the small courts, like Zimmerman, addressed their *fade* and sentimental flattery to the women, in stiff and cumbersome French. In science, letters, and art, Germany was the willing pupil and tributary of France. Nor were the ideas which led to the Revolution unwelcome there.

"The great events in France," says the venerable Jacobs of Gotha, "had from the first seized upon all minds. Most men rejoiced in the revolution which had taken place in that ill-governed country; opinions hitherto confined to books, like an occult science, and now proclaimed from the tribune, found general sympathy; and the number of those in favor of the old absolutism was very small. Gradually, however, people of sense and humanity were alienated from the cause; and the fate of men of science and letters made, naturally enough, a profound impression in Germany."

There is a letter of Goethe's, written in 1793, lately published, in which, with the good sense that always distinguished him, he says—"Mr. Sieveking may be a rich man and a clever man; but he has not got far enough to perceive that the song '*Allons, enfans,*' &c., is not suited to *well-to-do* people in any language; but was written and composed for the comfort and encouragement of poor devils. That song, at a well-furnished table,

seems to me like '*Pain bis, et liberté,*' as the motto of a rich man; or '*Wenig, aber mit Recht,*' (Little but justly,) as that of an arch-Jew." So that it appears that the Marseillaise was then in favor with those opulent and honorable citizens of Hamburg, of whom the family of Sieveking may be taken to have been, as it still is, the type and the ornament. They had opportunities enough afterwards, for estimating the practical value of the sentiments it inspired.

The feelings of hostility and fear with which the French have been, and indeed still are (though in a mitigated degree) regarded throughout Germany, are to be attributed, we think, entirely to Napoleon's domination. They arose out of the unfavorable view of the French character which the conquered people were certain to receive from conquering armies, and from the herd of overbearing and unprincipled adventurers whom those armies planted among them. The fierce resentment which burst forth in 1812-13, was the result of recent injury; and not at all of any older or fanciful antipathy.

"Five years had now elapsed," says Droysen, "since Europe rose up to put down that Revolution which, whatever were its deformities and excesses, gave utterance and effect to ideas for which the traditionary power of the old states was no match. Where were now the haughty threats of the princes and their courts? Where the arrogant pedantry of the old art of war, or the high-sounding commonplaces of the far-famed wisdom of cabinets? Old Europe had lost all consistence."

"Nor was this all. The 'terror' was over. Though the internal affairs of France were still without form or order, it was evident that a new basis of civil and political life had been secured, in harmony with ideas universally diffused, and wants universally felt, in the eighteenth century. The principles of religious toleration, freedom of thought and conscience, and equality before the law, which had been accepted by all enlightened men, were now reduced from theory to practice. The enthusiasm of youth, the hopes of philanthropists, and the instincts of the people, were in favor of the state which now began to extricate itself out of the chaos of the revolution."

"'You have only the nobles against you,' said a Prussian minister to the French ambassador: 'the king and the people are openly for France. The revolution which you have made from below upwards, will be slowly accomplished in Prussia from above downwards: the king is a democrat, after his fashion; he is incessantly endeavoring to curtail the privileges of the nobles, but by slow means. In a few years feudal rights will cease to exist in Prussia.'"

Meanwhile, what was the political state of Germany, and in what manner did her princes prepare to resist or counteract the progress of opinions so menacing to their power?

Our readers may, perhaps, recollect the cynical description of the proceedings of the Congress of Rastadt, contained in Lang's *Memoirs*; "a work," says Droysen, "on this as on other points

more deserving of credit than our national pride is willing to admit." The baseness and degradation, the treachery and dishonesty, which had been reduced to a sort of system at that assembly, were now put into infamous practice. The emperor had signed the peace of Luneville without consulting the members of the empire; and, strange to say, had been rewarded with their thanks. By this treaty, the left bank of the Rhine was ceded to France, and compensation, according to the principles laid down at Rastadt, was to be granted to the lesser princes thus dispossessed of their hereditary domains. The sovereigns saw the tempting spoil within reach, and thought only by whose aid they could grasp it. They turned with shameless solicitations to Paris—each against his neighbor. "At Paris," says Herr von Gagern, "in the garret of a certain Matthieu, from Strasburg, a tool of Talleyrand's, were our provinces cut up and parcelled out."

On the 25th February, 1803, the resolution of the deputation of the empire was presented to the diet; accepted on the 24th March; and ratified by the emperor on the 27th April:—

"And thus was concluded," says Droysen, "the most unjust and the most disastrous work recorded in German history."

"The empire lost about 1200 square miles of territory, containing four millions of souls. The so-called indemnities awarded to the princes, consisted of the plunder of the church property within their newly acquired dominions, of the free cities, and even the Hanse towns, which were handed over to the arbitrary rule of their new masters. The electoral college, too, was totally altered; in short, the political dismemberment of the empire was accomplished, and the semblance of union among its members only served to facilitate the further enfeeblement and ruin of the several states. Germany, like France, had thus her revolution. But in the latter it was effected by the people; in the former by the princes. Rights and privileges, property and tradition, were equally trampled under foot. In Germany, as in France, the ancient aristocracy of the land was sacrificed; but without the smallest advantage to the people, and wholly without their coöperation."

"To complete the miserable picture of the times—the secularized churches and convents were plundered and sold to Jews; their altar-pieces, and reliquaries, and painted windows, transferred to the collections of 'distinguished amateurs,' and their ancient archives and manuscripts sold for waste paper."

It cannot be denied that the dissolution of that old feudal corporation, called "the empire," was not only inevitable, but desirable. It had survived all the conditions of its existence. But the change was accomplished in a manner equally disgraceful to the honor, and destructive of the energies, of the nation. Though existing rights were wholly disregarded, no attempt was made to reform old abuses, or to introduce new and improved institutions; dynastic interests were the only ones consulted.

The sovereigns of Germany had indeed cut away the only ground, on which any consistent

defence of legitimacy could be made, from under their feet. They had adopted the destructive principles, and had shared the spoil, of the French revolution. They had recognized no right but the right of the strongest; and it now remained to be seen in whose hands that right would ultimately be vested. With the rapacity which grows rank on the soil of unjust gain, all were striving for more. Austria had not abandoned her designs on Bavaria; Prussia longed to round her territory with Hanover; the small princes were greedy to swallow up the still smaller, as they had already done the free cities and the dominions of the church. And in the midst of all this they claimed not only the allegiance but the attachment of subjects to whom they were strangers, and whom they had forcibly wrested from their legitimate masters.

So great was the want of all union and sympathy between the several states, that when, in 1803, Bonaparte seized upon Hanover, the empire looked on in silence. No attempt was made by the neighboring states (who might have beheld in this the fate reserved for themselves) to succor the brave Hanoverians; there followed nothing but words from insulted Prussia. In 1804, misunderstandings arose between France and Austria; yet, even then, no complaints of this act of violence were heard from the latter. On the contrary, a general satisfaction prevailed, that the ambition of Prussia, whose designs on Hanover were well known, had received such a check!

Meanwhile, a tendency to combination among the lesser powers of Germany (*Kleindeutschland*) was already perceptible. It soon produced the protectorate of France, and the confederation of the Rhine.

It had been confidently expected that the cabinet of Vienna would unite with England and Russia. But the state of that cabinet, as described by those most deeply versed in its secrets, was such, that no reliance whatever could be placed on it. War, conquest, and the exclusively military spirit engendered by them—a spirit compounded of blind mechanical routine, and a sort of deification of brute force—were the chief causes of the degradation of Prussia. The causes of the corruption of Austria were more remote and complicated. Among them, however, we may venture to assign the reaction, following on the humane, but rash and premature, attempts of the Emperor Joseph to force upon a backward people reforms which they were wholly unable to appreciate. The tragical history of that illustrious martyr to a passionate, but most autocratic philanthropy, and an over-estimate of the power of men to understand their own interests, has yet to be written; for the instruction of those who think that good government can co-exist with popular ignorance and stupidity. The violent prejudice thus excited against everything like improvement, threw the power into the hands of its most inveterate enemies. The result was not difficult to foresee. It was one among the many "felicities" which marked the early career



of Napoleon. He trusted, not without reason, to the torpor, inefficiency, and corruption of the Austrian ministry.

At length Russia and Austria did declare war upon France. But it was still doubtful to which side Prussia, Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden would incline. While the dispositions of these powers, whom it was so important to conciliate, were yet in suspense, the Austrian general, Prince Schwartzberg, nevertheless, entered Munich, and peremptorily demanded that the Bavarian troops should immediately join those under his command; offering in return the protection and guaranty of Austria;—Austria, which for centuries had never for an instant renounced its projects on Bavaria! The unfortunate elector, unable either to trust these invaders or to resist them, wrote with his own hand, to "entreat on his knees" (kniefällig) to be allowed to maintain his neutrality, for that his son was travelling in France. "A father, overwhelmed with terror and despair, implores mercy for his son!" He hastened, however, to Würzburg to call out his Franconian troops; and on the same day the Austrian army crossed the Inn, in grand divisions, "to take up the fine position of Ulm!" levying contributions on their way, and paying Bavarian peasants with Austrian paper money, which in Austria itself was not worth thirty per cent. After this, who can wonder at the alienation of Bavaria from the common cause of Germany, or the alacrity with which she joined the banner of France?

It cannot be supposed that the keen eye of Napoleon overlooked the advantages which the conduct of German to German thus threw into his hands. "The invasion of Bavaria," said his ambassador, "sufficiently demonstrates what are the designs of Austria." And Napoleon declared, "that he would defend the independence and security of Germany, against Austria." To Württemberg and Baden, Austria merely announced her regret that she could afford them no protection; they must decide for themselves what to do in this extremity. Ney was before Stuttgart, and demanded contributions. The elector replied, that he could not comply with the terms proposed. "But your country can," replied Napoleon, "and I will protect you against your estates." Württemberg and Baden soon followed the example of Bavaria, and joined Napoleon.

The first great blow fell upon Austria. The 30th of October witnessed Mack's capitulation at Ulm. On the 2d December, the battle of Austerlitz was fought: and with that disastrous battle, Francis gave up all for lost. The emperor of Germany resolved to go in person to the enemy's head-quarters, to sue for peace. He went, accompanied by one aide-de-camp. His air—never remarkable for dignity or grace—was now such as to inspire pity. In this abject state the head of the holy Roman empire was received by Napoleon, surrounded by all his generals, and invested with all the pomp of supreme power. The conqueror, however, was gracious; and not only for-

gave him, but promised him peace "on reasonable terms." The first of these was, the immediate removal of the Russian troops from Austria. It is affirmed by an eye-witness of the scene, that the emperor, on his return from this humiliating conference, expressed his satisfaction at being relieved from one fear; namely, that Bonaparte should ask the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa for Eugene, Viceroy of Italy. "No," exclaimed he; "sooner should he have stripped me of everything—I would rather have become a private gentleman!"

Throughout the whole of this time, Prussia had been vacillating. Had she been able to throw into the scale the moral weight of disinterestedness and justice, she might perhaps, even then, have imposed peace on Europe. But her conduct, especially with regard to Hanover, had deprived her of this preponderance. Her anxiety for neutrality was ascribed to weakness; and her efforts to preserve peace were turned against her by both parties.

Her prime-minister, Haugwitz, was dispatched to congratulate Napoleon on his victory over Austria; and the reception he met with was as insulting as his errand was despicable. "You want to be the allies of all the world!" said the haughty conqueror—adding, that he would forgive what was past on one condition: Prussia must immediately form an indissoluble union with France, and, as a pledge of her sincerity, occupy Hanover. On the 15th December, Haugwitz accordingly signed a treaty, containing the following clause:—"Prussia takes Hanover; giving Ansbach to Bavaria, Cleves and Neuchâtel to France." On returning to Berlin from this sorry mission, the minister was insulted in the king's antechamber, and his house nearly pulled down by the exasperated populace; the court, with the exception of the king, showed so marked an aversion to him, that he actually entreated the king not to ratify the treaty, and to allow him to retire from his service. But what availed all this? The cabinet, after long deliberation, decided "to occupy Hanover for the present!" Every step taken plunged the country into deeper embarrassment; friends were alienated, and foes embittered.

On the 26th December, the Emperor Francis concluded the peace of Presburg, bought with enormous sacrifices. Immediately after the fall of Ulm, the elector arch-chancellor had issued an address, appealing to the patriotism of all good Germans "to endeavor to maintain the unity of the empire, and obedience to its ancient laws." But already, as we have seen, Baden, Württemberg, and Bavaria, had allied themselves with Napoleon; the two latter had received from him the title of king, the former that of grand-duke, with the condition of "absolute sovereignty, the same as that of Austria and Prussia," attached to the new crowns. And all this had been done without any reference to the diet of the empire. The empire was indeed defunct.

Then followed the intermarriages of the sover-



eign houses with the Corsican family, in which Bavaria led the way. The princes of Germany became the courtiers of the Tuileries: where the hard hands of soldiers of fortune were never tired of grasping the bribes, which, wrung from the wretched people of Germany, were to be spent in riveting their chains. On the 12th July, 1806, sixteen German princes signed the act of the confederation of the Rhine, which Napoleon ratified on the 19th. A few days afterwards, the emperor Francis abdicated the throne of Germany. Once more—once, and no more—did “the elected Roman emperor, in all times the augmentor of the empire,” (*Mehrer des Reichs*), speak to Germany. He said, “We hold it due to our principles and our honor to renounce a throne which could have value in our eyes only so long as we were able to respond to the confidence reposed in us by the electors, princes, and estates, and to fulfil our obligations towards them,” &c. &c.

The sixteen princes above mentioned now formed a league of independent sovereigns. Frankfurt was to be the seat of the confederation and its discussions. The fundamental statutes, or constitution, of this body never appeared; but Napoleon became its protector, “solely from pacific motives,” &c. &c.; and a treaty of alliance was concluded between the confederate princes and “the French empire.” They were rewarded with additional territory, and with other marks of favor. The dominions of sixty-seven princes and counts, immediate feudatories of the empire, the lands of the two great religious orders, the cities of Frankfurt and Nürnberg, were partitioned out among the sixteen. The other German sovereigns were told that they were free to join the confederation.

Having thus secured his tools, Napoleon took care that they should be efficient ones; and that they should never be able to allege want of power to extort from their subjects whatever it might suit him to demand. He declared that he did not acknowledge the constitution of the empire; but acknowledged the “*souveraineté entière et absolue*” of each prince. The emperor Francis had already absolved all the estates of the empire, the members of the imperial chamber, (*Reichskammergericht*), and the other servants of the empire, from their oath and allegiance; so that Germany was now broken up into as many separate states as remained unincorporated in the confederation of the Rhine.

Such was the end—such the unhonored obsequies of the most ancient and august empire of the German nation; once the pride of Christendom, and the shield of a brave and loyal people! So long as the name even of a supreme head of the empire remained, the people, however divided by dynastic interests, had a point of political unity, and a claim on the protection of his imperial majesty the chief of the empire.

“Now were felt,” says Arndt, “the sins of the last five or ten years. The corruption, the ruin, was complete and overwhelming. The princes withdrew from the struggle for the common cause

of Germany. Cowardly and rapacious, they saw not what they lost. The people were dishonored and insulted; the ancient fortresses pulled down; Germany lay defenceless, divided and bleeding;—great in nothing but recollections. On the other side, the enemy built forts and castles, bridges and custom-houses; lorded it over the Rhine and its princes; tore citizens from their homes in the midst of peace to lawless executions, and ordered German sovereigns to Paris and Mainz like valets. The last feeling of honor and nationality was dead.”

“It seemed to be understood,” adds Droysen in the same spirit, “that the fall of the empire involved the abolition of all territorial rights and institutions; that the declaration of absolute sovereignty which Napoleon had launched against Germany, was of force to free her princes from all the checks and obligations, in virtue of which they held the inheritance of their forefathers. They had now, indeed, absolute sovereignty in name, but which of them was strong enough to assert it against external aggression! They had been eager to shake off the legitimate supremacy of their emperor; now the iron yoke of a foreign ‘protector’ was on their necks, and they were fain to seek compensation for the perpetual humiliations to which they were exposed, in arbitrary acts towards the subjects whom he had delivered over to their caprice, or to the still worse oppressions which he might choose to enjoin upon them.

“We shall see hereafter the good that sprang out of all this evil; but that was furthest from the intentions of the despot. All that he desired was, to extort supplies from these princes and their lands; to break them in to obedience, to hold them in complete subjection. Shortly after the peace of Presburg, when new misunderstandings with Austria arose, and Napoleon required that the whole French army should be fed by Germany, the king of Würtemberg resisted the demands of the French general; on which he was told that ‘he owed so much to the emperor, that he ought to esteem himself fortunate in an opportunity of showing his gratitude.’

“Yet even now Germany had not reached the lowest depth of degradation; she had to be trodden out and winnowed before she could be regenerated. Not that the people were morally degraded; they had will, force, and indignation, but their habitual sense of duty to their rulers kept them quiet; they had no other way of displaying their moral strength than by endurance.”

We give this on the authority not only of M. Droysen, but of numerous other writers. We must confess, however, that highly as we value the “habitual sense of duty to rulers,” as well as the faculty of “endurance” when calamity is inevitable, it does seem to us that these virtues were pushed to a very remarkable extent, considering the intolerable provocation, and the great length of time during which it was borne. A people trained in greater freedom of thought and independence of action would have sooner seen that the moment for duty to rulers who had forgotten all duty to them, was over; and that the time for spontaneous action had arrived. Without, therefore, in the least degree undervaluing the heroic patriotism displayed by Germany in 1812 and 1813, we should be glad to see a little less tendency in modern German writers, especially Prussians, to the old

vice of self-laudation. They did, at last, what all men *must* do, whose country labors under an insufferable yoke; and they did it with steady devotedness: but it must be remembered that the conqueror's star was then no longer in the ascendant; and that he had begun to give proof of that heaven-sent madness which is the harbinger of perdition. We have spoken of the corruption and backwardness of Austria; but Austria alone, under her great captain, the illustrious Archduke Charles, dared to stand up against Napoleon single-handed, while in the very height of his yet unbroken power. The truth is, that the whole country was feeble and languid, and, for a time, paralyzed. Goethe says, in a letter dated 1804, "The whole of Germany is divided among the mischievous, the timorous, and the indifferent." Droysen's expression would appear to countenance the writers who assume a totally different moral condition in the people, and in the higher classes; always (need we say?) to the disadvantage of the latter. But Stein and W. von Humboldt, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau—the men who never despaired of their country, and at length saved it—were not men of the people; nor, admirably as the people obeyed their call, do we find any trace of an attempt at spontaneous movement among them. It is time that these class antipathies should be consigned to the same contempt as national antipathies—whenever they rest upon no better basis.

The only instructive inquiry is, what were the means, by which a nation, once conspicuous for hardihood and energy, had been brought into this state of feebleness and lethargy. Among the causes usually assigned, we find, long and fierce religious wars; frequent struggles between the nobles and the people; an exclusive municipal spirit, leading to the isolation of interests and sympathies; in short, the long and general distraction, by which the country had been physically and morally wearied, bewildered, and exhausted.

"For a long time," says a German writer, "the opulent and pacific inhabitants of the imperial cities had been well content to purchase immunity from all warlike toils, by hiring bands of mercenaries, led by noble, often princely, *condottieri*. Such a soldiery was, of course, eminently unnational, and consequently wholly without political ideas or attachments. Indeed, the character of the century extending from the thirty years' war to that of the French revolution, was one of feebleness and indifference. Even the wars partook of this character. No great principle—not even an earnest popular feeling—was engaged in them. The French revolutionary war once more showed the world how unconquerable is an army inspired by an idea."

But it is impossible to form any just opinion of a country so extensively and profoundly subject to intellectual influences as Germany, without taking into account the state and tendencies of its literature. If it be true that the literature of a nation must always be the exponent of its character and sentiments, it is no less true that it powerfully reacts on them; and of this, we think, proof enough is not wanting at this day. It is important, there-

fore, to learn what literary tastes had been *formed*, and what literary influences exercised, at the period immediately preceding the French revolution.

Towards the end of the last century, the higher classes of Germany "had sunk their own nationality in that of France." While the noble language which Luther had built up, was almost ignored by "good society" and regarded as a plebeian dialect, Frederic the Great had done all he could to give currency and authority to the literature of France, then at the pinnacle of its brilliancy, and also of its profligacy. The result could not be doubtful; for Germany had little to oppose to the foreign torrent, nor could that little obtain a hearing among the more authoritative classes of society. So deeply seated, however, was the unchangeable dissimilarity of the two nations, that the views of life and society which were thus introduced, assumed a totally different color in passing through their new medium. Licentiousness took a form in Germany suited to the speculative, poetical, and affectionate character of the people.

In all the Teutonic races, however otherwise modified, the paramount importance attached to domestic life and the domestic relations, is that perhaps by which they are most distinguished from the nations of Roman descent. Thus in France marriage had come to be regarded without hesitation, as a matter of external convenience and utility. Making no appeal to the sentiments, and possessing no inward force or sanctity, it furnished the romance writer or the dramatist with a groundwork for the gay and amusing intricacies of his plot, or with an interminable theme for wit and satire, bright and hard as tempered steel. This ticklish question, once put upon the anvil for discussion, was very differently handled in Germany. The relation between the sexes there became the subject of refined analysis and intrepid logic. Writers and readers shrank from no novelty and no paradox. The imagination, feelings, and passions were systematically withdrawn from the control of reason, whose jurisdiction in "affairs of the heart" was denied altogether; and from traditionary morality, which was regarded as blind and narrow prejudice. Almost every relation and condition of social life was called in question, and grave practical problems were propounded, more frequently (need we add?) than solved.

An institution or estate preëminently requiring the perpetual presence of good sense, self-control, moderate expectations, and a firm and humble preparation for evil and weary hours, was not likely to fare better in the hands of the speculative sentimentalists of Germany, than in those of the scoffing wits of France. Every form of tedium and unhappiness which marriage can bring, has accordingly been exhibited by them, and every conceivable mode of escape or mitigation, direct or indirect, suggested. They did not wait till personal suffering had misled the most eloquent of living French writers into that *impasse*, or till the feeble herd of her admirers and imitators had invited the public to the spectacle of their sorrows and disappoint-

ments. A tone of whining sentimentality was thus given to books and men—the worst, because the most insidious form that selfishness can assume. “The history of the human heart,” says an ingenious critic,\* “as it manifests itself in the individual, was held to be more important than the history of mankind. Vanity and affectation were called into play to enhance the effect of these new creations. The poison of sentimentality, (*Empfinderei*), generated by peculiar circumstances in a body originally robust, spread, and caused an epidemic which is still not entirely eradicated from Germany, so prone to catch this disease, and to exhibit it under the most singular forms.” At the time of the publication of Goethe’s *Werther*, the national mind was in a peculiarly morbid and susceptible state. What reader of German is not familiar with the strange appearances of the “*Sturm und Drang Periode*?” The discussion of public questions, the participation in public business, (at once the fruitful source, and the safe employment, of a nation’s energy,) were forbidden to the people of Germany; yet it was impossible that they should not feel the vibration of that earthquake which shook the foundations of every received opinion and every established institution. The result was a sort of feeble fermentation; a morbid enthusiasm, (*Schwärmerei*), of which the small world of self was the object;—an eternal “subjective” study;—and, at the same time, an uneasy consciousness of weakness, and a dread of every assault of truth and reason, whence alone healing could come. Men seemed designedly to lay aside all virility of character, and to outdo the weakest woman in flaccid self-abandonment. Fortitude, energy, self-control, were treated as proofs of a hard, cold, prosaic nature, and were looked on with scorn. “The influence of *Werther*,” says Professor Wolff, “was incomparably greater on the life, than on the literature, of that period.”

The good sense which was preëminent among the many gifts showered on Goethe, soon led him to perceive all that was false and pernicious in his own work. With his usual “subjective” way of looking at things, (not to use a harsher word,) Goethe always treated the production of *Werther* as a sort of morbid crisis—a means of throwing off certain peccant moral humors, of which he was well pleased to be rid. But he was implacable towards those who set themselves to ape and caricature what had burst from him as a real, and, as he declared, painful confession. The contempt with which he always spoke of the “*Literatur der Empfindsamkeit*,” is well known; but, unfortunately, poisons operate more rapidly and more potently than antidotes; nor did all his scorn of the sentimental school correct the mischief done by his own beautiful creation.

The grace and power with which it is written are so incomparable, that it would prove little against a people to have been carried away by it; but what can explain or justify the success of such

a book as *Woldemar*? This success would be the most astonishing thing in the world, were not the production of it by a serene and virtuous philosopher—Jacobi—more astonishing still. Such a symptom shows the height to which the disease had gone. The intense weariness and disgust with which we toiled through it, lead us to believe that very few of our readers have submitted to a similar labor. We may, therefore, be excused for dwelling a few moments on a work about which volumes were in its day written, and over which, no doubt, rivers of tears were shed. Its prime characteristic is falsehood. There is not a person who is natural or true, nor an action that is probable. The men, especially the hero, have no vestige of the manly character—not even manly vices; their “normal state” is that of a nervous, fantastic woman; their emotions are paroxysms of hysterical and impotent violence; they weep, sob, kneel, fall on the sofa, on each other’s necks, on the necks of all their pure and sublime heroines, sometimes for joy, sometimes for sorrow—sometimes, as it seems to us, without any assignable reason; for there are no tragical incidents, nor even any natural passions to account for these demonstrations. All the distresses in the book are the offspring of selfishness and vanity, nursed into a sort of madness; and concurring with weak nerves, weak intellects, a thorough prostration of character, and a thorough perversion of views. We beg not to be understood to share the odious and cynical notion of the impossibility of friendship between persons of different sexes. Such friendships are, we know, not only not impossible—they are not rare; but they must be established on reasonable grounds, and conceived by reasonable persons. The assumption that a passion called friendship, which absorbs the whole being, and renders life intolerable out of the sight of its object, can be entertained without prejudice to conjugal fidelity, or to maiden freedom and purity, is the thing which renders this book peculiarly absurd, mischievous, and, at the same time, characteristic. Licentious books, written by vicious men, are unfortunately confined to no nation; they are of the nature of open warfare, and he who reads them knows to what he exposes himself; but this complete misstatement of every-day facts, these radically false and impracticable views of the nature, duties, and position of either sex, inculcated by a man of unblemished life, and not only acquiesced in, but admired by numbers of worthy people, is a national *Erscheinung* worthy of remark. The taste for such pernicious distortion is gone by; and so is the state of morals of which it was at once the offspring and the nurse. We are sorry we have not room for some admirable remarks upon *Woldemar* by Frederic Schlegel. And yet, who that reads them would believe that they are written by the author of a work so notoriously immoral, that we have seen its title used to qualify the lax and vicious period preceding the French invasion? The expression, *die Lucinde Zeit*—“the Lucinda time”—sufficiently marks the sensation it created,

\* Wolff. Allgemeine Geschichte des Romans. Jena.



and the reprobation it called forth. In this case, however, the author's domestic relations, as well as those of several of his friends, were of the most irregular and experimental kind; and of these his novel may be taken to be a sort of defence. It enjoyed a degree of popularity, and excited a degree of controversy, which are totally inexplicable from any beauty or merit it possesses. Nothing, indeed, but the necessity of appreciating the state of the public mind indicated by its whilom reputation, would enable any one now to go through the task of reading, or trying to read it. It is now fallen into deserved neglect. We observe with satisfaction, that sensible people who lived through those times, do not affect to separate public men from private virtues, by the broad line sometimes attempted to be drawn between them. They perceived that the whole nation was enfeebled; and the self-indulgent character of private life went far to prepare sober and far-sighted men for the public ruin.

Were we disposed at present to exhibit German sentimentalism on its ludicrous side, matter enough is at hand; but this is not the time or place for it. We cannot, however, refuse our readers one little trait recorded by Hoffmann, whose satirical spirit revelled in what was passing around him.

When he was in Bamberg in 1808, the Princess of Neufchatel, daughter of the Duke of Bavaria, who was residing there, came to visit her father. The director of the theatre wanted to celebrate her birth-day, and requested Hoffman to write a prologue. He says:—

"I threw together a heap of vulgar sentimentality, composed music to suit, and it was represented;—lights, horns, echoes, mountains, rivers, trees with names carved on them, flowers, garlands—nothing was spared. It took amazingly, and I received thirty carolines from the princess' mother, for the emotion I had procured her, (*für die verschaffte Rührung*,) accompanied with very gracious expressions. At a certain passage in the prologue—'I went—I flew—I rushed into her arms!' (an enormously fine climax)—the mother and daughter embraced weeping, in the ducal box! The prologue had also pleased the public, and was demanded for another day. The ducal personages again appeared in their box, and, at the same passage, wept and embraced with the greatest punctuality! whereupon the public testified their satisfaction by loud clapping of hands. My heart laughed within me."

We cannot leave this subject without remarking, that these deplorable weaknesses were connected with some of the most admirable and engaging peculiarities of the German character. The days are coming, nay, are already come, when literature and philosophy will cease to play the great part in Germany which have long distinguished that country from all others—in how many respects to its infinite advantage! The days, however, we fear, are coming, when the free natural expression of the affections will be "unmanly," and when the embraces and tears of a parting mother will be avoided, as "a scene." It is, we fear, true, that a great and widely diffused political activity, an exciting public life, are almost incom-

patible with the high station occupied in Germany by literature and art. They have been her queens; they must now sink into her playthings. The nation, like a jealous parent, will claim the thoughts of all her stronger sons, and will leave the culture of letters and arts to the less energetic. It is also, we fear, true, that virility and firmness of character are apt to degenerate into hardness, and that the feelings are not habitually suppressed without prejudice to their tenderness and force;—at any rate, to that child-like reliance on sympathy which has so great a charm. Germany—the Germany of our early love and our imagination—will cease to be: her ingenuous weaknesses, and her towering superiority, will equally disappear. We could weep like the heroes of her novels, when we think that the singularities we have sometimes laughed at, and always loved, (springing as they do from sweet and noble sources,) will be swept away by the tide of "public business." But this is one of the dilemmas which present themselves at every turn in human life; calling forth the fruitless lamentations of those who want to combine impossible conditions, which reasonable men weigh, when choice is within their power, accepting the inevitable alternative with resignation when it is not.

We anticipate a little in giving the following description of the influences of literature in Immermann's student-days, which fell within the period of the French domination, when higher and more earnest thoughts had begun to occupy men's minds:—

"Lessing was somewhat out of fashion. His adorers were to be found among men of a maturer age. But Klopstock was by no means so neglected. It was esteemed a sacred duty to have the Messiah by one, and, if possible, to master the first ten books. His odes gave us no trouble; they filled us with a sort of rapture. Wieland's elegant raiillery passed with us for the flower of wisdom. Voss' *Louisa* was in high honor; above all, Schiller and Goethe, the former dead a year before the national downfall, and still beaming in the full glow of the sunset; the latter, living, and sowing the richest treasures in the furrows of the miserable times."

He makes some very true and ingenious remarks on the origin and nature of German poetry; on its peculiar subjectivity, and the political causes which gave it that character.

"It was peculiarly adapted," he continues, "to be the consolation of an oppressed people. Goethe and Schiller were the two apostles whose preaching elevated the German people to courage and to hope. The relation in which the youth of Germany stood to their great writers, was one of passionate affection. They appeared to us saints, whose footsteps it was the highest happiness to behold. Criticism was not thought of by the young men of that day; nor were our eyes distracted. Literature formed our only intellectual food. The arts of design, which now occupy so many minds, were never even mentioned among us."

Literature, at that dismal period, nurtured the progeny by which it is doomed to be dethroned. The youthful minds, which it exalted to heroism and strung for action, devoted their newly awa-

kened energies to the deliverance of their country on the field of battle. The stimulus then given to the national spirit (unlike the vicious excitements of aggression and conquest) strengthened, instead of exhausting it; and from henceforth it will demand, and will obtain, the employment of its energies in the duties of public life.

The causes we have thus briefly glanced at, were in operation throughout Germany. We must now examine rather more closely those which were peculiar to Prussia; as that power must necessarily occupy the most prominent part in any history of the times. Her faults contributed the most largely to the common ruin of Germany; and her energy, and unconquerable perseverance, to its emancipation. Her disgrace was the deepest, her resentment the most ardent, her triumphs the most brilliant. There is, we may add, another reason why Austria and Prussia, if equal in merit, will never be so in renown. Prussia has a hundred tongues where Austria has one; and a taste for celebrity—her enemies say, for self-celebration—to which her stately elder sister is an utter stranger. The difference, the antagonism, between these two nations will probably never be effaced; nor is it to be desired that either should lose so much of its individuality as to resemble the other. At the time we are looking back to, however, it was not difference, but hostility, that prevailed between them.

"Germany," says Arndt, "had become a field on which the pretensions of the two great powers—the old and the new—the time-hallowed traditions of the empire which hung about Austria, and the vigor, enterprise, and ambition of the youthful kingdom of Prussia were to be decided. They were decided in favor of the latter; but at what a cost of common national feeling! How many seeds of hatred and jealousy were then sown, the bitter harvest of which was abundantly reaped by the victor! South and Middle Germany, the fruitful mother of arts, poetry, and letters, saw with dislike and resentment the attempt to throw her into the shade. The forced fruits of the cold and sandy soil of the north, chiefly transplanted from France, were distasteful to them. Frederic the Great had established academies, and hired poets and philosophers; but most of them were foreigners, and the better and nobler among my countrymen could learn nothing from men they hated."

Prussia had lost in popularity as much as she had gained in power. The part she took in the peace of Basel, the partition of Poland, and the acquisitions called indemnities, but generally regarded as spoiliations, had alienated from her the hearts of Germany. Nor were the manners of her people, and especially of her soldiery, calculated to cast a veil over her offensive superiority, or to conciliate those whom she had injured and overborne. It is impossible to deny that even now Prussia is regarded with more respect than cordiality by Southern Germany. This feeling, we are convinced, really has its source in that "incompatibility of temper" for which there is notoriously no cure; yet, at the time in question, the

overbearing spirit, the manners at once unbending and coarse of the Prussian army, and the pretensions of the Prussian government, had heightened this incompatibility into fear and hatred.

"In 1792," says the venerable Jacobs of Gotha, "the first body of Prussian troops marched through Gotha to the Rhine—the first scene of what a tragedy! While in the common men the feeling of honor was extinguished by servile treatment, and only habit and fear bound them to their banners, their officers, the majority of whom had never looked an enemy in the face, spoke with sneering contempt of Napoleon's army. 'They haven't seen Prussians yet!' said they; 'if this forced inactivity were now at an end, the victory would soon be ours—a victory probably only too easy to be honorable.' To doubt of this was not permitted; any mention of the series of victories won by the French, was treated with scorn, and, if persisted in, punished with blows. I remember hearing that an old general in some company asked the ladies, with French *fatuité*, whether they would not favor him with some commissions for Paris?—and that a major, before the battle of Jena, boasted 'that he would make that scoundrel Bonaparte his groom.' Nor was this all. The officers behaved as if in a conquered country, without the least regard to decency or propriety, even towards the Duke of Saxe-Gotha himself, or his capital. They lived in contemptible indolence and boundless debauchery; followed maid-servants in an evening into the very houses of their masters, and forced themselves by violence into private societies, where they created disturbances—all with the connivance of their superiors, who did not venture to listen to any complaint. On the 16th of October, the same boasters reappeared in Gotha as prisoners, weary and disarmed, escorted by a small party of *voltigeurs*."

One of the best and clearest accounts of the state of the Prussian court, army, and people, just before the breaking out of the war with France, is to be found in the Memoirs of Freiherr von S—a. It is to be regretted that the important matter contained in this very clever and interesting book is hung together by a sort of story, which diminishes its value, and gives to the most authentic statements and just opinions an air of fiction.

"It was," says the author, "extremely important at that time to ascertain accurately the dispositions of the Prussian court and people; for, even where the people have no constitutional character, their voice becomes of the greatest weight, as soon as their culture is so far advanced that they can hardly tolerate a government which does not share their own social and political character and ideas. This was now unquestionably the case in Berlin—among the people, upon whom the government of Frederic the Great had produced effects very different from those which he intended.

"I ask myself," he continues, "what the state of public opinion in Prussia at that time really was; and I find the answer very difficult.

"It has often been said that the French army had caught a sort of intoxication, together with ideas of true liberty, from fighting in America. The Prussian was in a wild ferment in consequence of having returned from the field without fighting. It was manifest that Frederic's times had given

them an impulse, the motive force of which lay partly in the personal character of the great monarch, partly in the consciousness of the exertions by which success had been obtained. As this influence was no more, and the spirit which prompted those exertions had gradually subsided, whence should a people without public life, without that daily excitement which is kept alive by a constitutional government, derive any permanent and genuine public spirit? A pride built on mere ancestry became the necessary substitute for it; and especially in the army, since Frederic II. had chiefly appealed to the feeling of honor peculiar to the officers, as men of birth. To this they clung; and an inert posterity regarded the glorious deeds of their ancestors in the Seven Years' War as a family inheritance. But this view of the matter, and the pretensions which they founded upon it, were wholly at variance with the spirit which had arisen towards the close of the century. Both as officers of the heroic age of Frederic, (which they assumed, though without any ground, to be,) and as nobles, they were exasperated at the rising military glory of the French. They took credit for whatever was brilliant in the short contest of Prussia with the French people, at the beginning of the revolution; and the little tendency the result of this contest had to raise the reputation of the Prussian arms, was thrown on the incapacity of their leaders; but still more on the misconduct of foreign powers. 'Let Prussia,' said they, 'but once enter the lists with France, and the superiority of her high-born officers, of the school of Frederic the Great, over the French bourgeois troops, would soon appear.' Nobody even asked the question whether there was any spirit among the common soldiers. It is certain that the only enthusiasm felt by the troops had been for the person and the deeds of the great king. I am aware that such recollections long retain their influence over the common people—an influence which governments ought sedulously to perpetuate and strengthen by education. But mere recollections, however glorious, are not sufficient to excite popular enthusiasm; they are not even comparable, in this respect, to the feeling of ancestry, which is more concentrated, and acts upon minds of greater refinement. The only means of working on the Prussian soldier, was through his hatred and contempt of the French; and even these had greatly subsided, since many seductive accounts of the new civil institutions, the constitution of the army, &c., in France, had reached the ears of the Prussian soldiers. The general spirit of the troops was, therefore, directly opposed to that of their officers—an opposition leading inevitably to fatal results in case of a war with France.

"But the disposition of the common soldier formed no element of public opinion in Prussia. How, indeed, could it find an utterance, where it had no constitutional organ, and where silent obedience was still exacted from the whole people? In this absence of all popular voice, the officers assumed, with the greater arrogance, to have their opinions regarded as constituting public opinion; and they succeeded the more easily, since the most aristocratic corps were quartered in Potsdam and Berlin. Such a mixture of bravery and insolence, of honor and debauchery, of attempts at elegant manners, and turbulent offensive behavior, as was exhibited in the persons of these officers, must be witnessed to be believed—it cannot be described. The one thing which chiefly distinguished them all was, contempt of the middle classes; a fine horse

they prized above the most estimable man; and they thought they should have easy work with the French, because they were officered by *roturiers*.

"Strong as were the king's military tastes, he had nothing in common with this spirit. Everything showy, noisy, and boastful, was utterly distasteful to him. He had no vanity, and least of all was he disposed to plume himself on the deeds and fame of his ancestors. He was, therefore, wholly unfit to be the hero of such officers; and though this certainly did him no dishonor, yet it had its disadvantages. He was too quiet and amiable to put down their inflated arrogance with a strong hand.

"There was, however, a prince of the royal blood who might be regarded as the impersonation of the officer spirit of that time. Brave to fool-hardiness—equally endowed with brilliant qualities, and prone to admire them in others—prouder of his personal advantages than of his rank, and yet very proud of being a prince of Prussia—celebrated for his grace and address in all bodily exercises—highly gifted with the talent most fitted to charm society, music—a passionate admirer of women, and estimating voluptuousness above purity of morals—liberal often to munificence, but never restrained by a strict sense of justice—burning with military glory, rather than assiduous in acquiring military science, and regarding the new order of things in France with equal contempt and hatred—Prince Louis Ferdinand was most justly regarded by the officers of the guards, and those like them, as the ideal of a youthful hero and a Prussian officer. He was the loudest organ of what was then called public opinion in Prussia; and around him congregated all the various elements of society in Berlin, to whom hatred of the French served as a common point of attraction. Among them were the celebrated historian, Johannes von Müller,\* and another historian, more known as a statesman and philosopher, Ancillon. Müller seems never to have possessed the smallest personal dignity. He submitted to be the butt of Prince Louis and his companions. This renders his subsequent career intelligible, and his fall less shocking than it would otherwise be. Ancillon, who, in virtue of his descent and his profession, affected a sort of polish, half clerical, half French, combined with German '*Humanität*,' disliked Napoleon as he disliked Luther. He thought him vulgar, tasteless, and proud.

"It may easily be imagined, that a tone given by such a prince of the blood as Louis Ferdinand to a swarm of brilliant officers of the highest rank, and by two such writers as Müller and Ancillon—the organs of learning among the higher classes—was ardently caught by them, especially since it flattered all their interests and prejudices.

"No means were left untried to induce the queen to declare loudly her aversion to the French, and her views and habits of thinking naturally inclined her that way; but her disposition was too kindly and gentle for hatred, and the king's entire reserve on the subject imposed a restraint on her. It was not till Napoleon, who supposed her to be the leader of the party he detested, attacked her with bitterness and brutality, that she really became what he believed her. Till that time, the Princess Louisa

\* We shall quote hereafter a melancholy picture of this eminent writer, but feeble and unprincipled man, bowed to the earth under the shame of French favors and French decorations. M. Ancillon was descended from a French refugee family, and himself a Protestant minister. He was, as is well known, tutor to the present King of Prussia.



Radzivil, sister of Prince Louis, might with greater justice be regarded as the soul of the female opposition to Napoleon in Prussia. Princess William,\* incapable of taking any part in intrigue, might be considered the personification of the German nature, as opposed to the French. It was easy, from the manner in which a woman expressed herself concerning the court of St. Cloud, to distinguish whether she belonged to the circle of Princess Louisa or Princess William. The former spoke with scorn and derision of the *parvenu* court; the latter, with the sort of shudder which an evil and impure spirit excites; and this difference, more or less, pervaded the whole female society of Berlin, which was almost without an exception eager for the war.

"Among the men, on the other hand, and especially the most respected and eminent statesmen, many were opposed to it. They weighed with prudent deliberation the civil and military condition of France against that of Prussia; they well knew that the spirit of Frederic the Great was extinct, and that all which he had kept in vigor and efficiency now subsisted in form alone, and they dreaded any kind of shock to so unsound a fabric. Men of this kind are never loud, and their voices were accordingly hardly heard in the storm of public excitement."

Such representations of the moral state of the Prussian army extracted from the works of civilians might easily be corroborated by a hundred others. But we had rather give one from the pen of a thorough soldier. Trained in the preposterous discipline of Frederic William II., he had full proof what men reduced to the condition of machines are worth in the hour of peril. He not only witnessed, but shared, their inglorious overthrow; and he also lived to see coxcombs and puppets converted by misfortune into earnest and intrepid soldiers. At the age of seventy-one, Count Henkel of Donnersmark has lately published a simple and soldier-like statement of the facts which came under his own observation in the course of his long military career; relating nothing, as he expressly says, but what he himself saw and heard. He is, fortunately, entirely without literary pretension; and tells his story with a homely air of truth, and a genial mixture of earnestness and humor. His observations show good sense, and his sentiments are those of a brave, loyal, and humane man.

Count Henkel was born at Potsdam in 1775, "in the house next to the Garde-du-corps barracks, which belonged to my father." His father was a lieutenant-general;—the young man was born, as well as bred, to arms. His memoirs begin with an exact account of the life of a young Prussian officer of his day. No discipline was ever better adapted to substitute the kind of intelligence which the horse-breaker or dog-trainer calls into action, in the place of human discrimination and reason. "Politics were never so much as spoken

of among the young officers; a newspaper seldom or never seen; remarks upon an order, let it come from what source it might, were not even thought of." But if the mind was left completely waste and inert, the body and its covering were objects of the most elaborate care. "The stock of three fingers'-breadth, the four curls on each side the head, (frizzed and powdered of course,) the pigtail with a large cockade, were indispensable." How envied was that Captain von Schallenfels, of old Count Henkel's regiment, whose pigtail required seventy or eighty ells of ribbon to tie it, and trailed on the ground, so that he was obliged to tuck it into his coat-pocket on parade!

"We were always wishing for war," says Count Henkel; "with whom, was a matter of perfect indifference. It never occurred to anybody to reflect what the government was, or ought to be. We stood far more in awe of the inspector than of the king; and the annual visit of the former furnished the subject of all the thoughts, conversations, hopes and fears, of our little world for the whole year. We hardly knew where Berlin was; Königsberg was the 'residency;' and if any of us went thither on leave, he brought back all the news, and was regarded as a travelled man. There was a dragoon regiment quartered at Tilsit, a few miles from us; we never met; but that did not prevent our entertaining a mortal aversion to each other."

This, then, was the training of the military youth of Prussia, at the time that France was tempering the spirits of her sons in the furnace of the revolution!

But an enemy far inferior to the French would have proved an over-match for troops commanded by such officers as Count Henkel describes. In the year 1795, he says, he was present at a manœuvre where he became acquainted with all the staff-officers and *chefs d'escadron*. "It is worth while," he adds, "to describe them according to their rank in the army, to give an idea what the state of it was." His army-list begins thus:—"Lieutenant-General von Marwitz had the gout very badly, loved his ease, and abhorred exercise. He was seventy." Another had gout in both hands; another was obliged to be lifted on his horse; another was a corpulent *bon vivant*, "sorely incommoded by a brisk pace." As a set-off against the effeminacy of their habits, they never spoke without the fiercest oaths. The gouty General von Marwitz, in his easy chair and yellow satin slippers, received Henkel for the first time, with his customary preface, "*Mord Schweenoth Donnerwetter, mon ami,*" &c., &c.

"When King Frederic William II. died," says Count Henkel, "and Frederic William III. ascended the throne, the troops were assembled, as usual, to take the oath of allegiance to their new sovereign. Our colonel's speech on this occasion was remarkable. Here it is, word for word. 'His majesty Frederic William II. has been pleased to die. We have therefore to swear allegiance to a new king. What his name will be, whether Frederic William or Frederic, we can't exactly tell; but that does not signify. *Herr Gerichtschreiber*, read the oath aloud.'"

\* Died 1846. A princess of Hessen Homburg—mother of Prince Waldemar. Thirty-five years after the period here referred to, she was still the perfect type of a German princess. It would have been equally impossible to mistake her country or her station.

When we read these things, and think that within the lifetime of one man, these coarse, inane, and (as it proved) cowardly caricatures of soldiers, have been succeeded by the brave and accomplished men by whom the Prussian army is now officered, we see not only that the whole presiding spirit of the monarchy has undergone a vast and salutary change, but also, in how short a time such a change spreads through the whole body of a nation. Indeed, rapid as the progress has been in most of the countries of Europe within the last half century, in none is it so striking as in Prussia. A retrospect of fifty years seems to carry us back centuries.

The vague restlessness which precedes great political tempests was already in the air.

"It was a very unquiet time," says Count Henkel; "people were all greatly excited, and did not really know about what. The army with its mass of invalid staff officers, and its very few efficient generals, was calculated to inspire any sober man with alarm. The younger officers, however, did not think of this; they only wanted war; and some of those who composed the society of Prince Louis Ferdinand, were certainly guilty of excesses, though by no means such as Napoleon was pleased to impute to them. Prince Louis, full of unemployed talent, and thoroughly debauched, was constantly offending the king, who treated him with the utmost indulgence and kindness, spite of disorders which often merited severe punishment."

We have already given one portrait of this brilliant and highly gifted young man, of whom so much has been said and written by friend and foe. Whatever was the personal ascendancy he exercised, his historical importance is derived solely from his appearing as the representative of certain popular sentiments, which had a powerful and pernicious influence on the fortunes of Prussia. It is clear that the two cardinal points of man's character, good sense and principle, were wanting in him. His life would have been less useful to his country than was his death: that gave the first salutary shock to the empty dreams of the army, which beheld in him the type of its own fancied invincibility. But far different qualities were required in the man who was to endure, together with the people; the long and dreary winter of calamity that was at hand; and these, notwithstanding some shortcomings, were found in their less brilliant, but far more estimable king.

"The lax and profligate reign of Frederic William II." says a writer little inclined to king-worship, "had left the finances in a state which it would have required all the order and frugality of his successor to retrieve, even in times of peace. Trade was trammelled by guilds and privileges; the peasantry in a state of serfage; the middle classes constantly irritated and humiliated by the wanton insolence of the army. Nobody was so sensible of these abuses as the king; but his integrity and good sense wanted the vigorous self-reliance of sovereign spirits: he was restrained by tenderness towards old servants, and by fear of the effects of change on the tranquillity of the country. Temperate, simple, and virtuous himself, he had not

sufficient energy to stem the torrent of licentiousness which had invaded court and city, and which the dangerous example of his cousin, and the still more dangerous tone of the reigning literature, rendered irresistible."

Even in the presumptuous season of youth, at the moment when everything was doing to blind and intoxicate him, the late king showed the same cautious and anxious temper; the same distrust of, and distaste for, loud and showy demonstrations. He had a clear perception of the danger impending over his country.

"In 1806," says Count Henkel, "before the battle of Jena, the king had a foresight of what was to come. While the wildest presumption reigned on every side, he said to me and another young officer, 'This cannot end well; the confusion is indescribable: the gentlemen (*die Herren*) will not believe this, and maintain that I am too young, and don't understand these matters. I wish I may be wrong.' He was right. It was impossible we should not be beaten."

But we must return to see what was passing at Berlin, and what were the diplomatic relations of Prussia with France.

"On the 25th August, 1806," says the Freiherr von S—a, "the French ambassador gave a dinner to the diplomatic corps and the highest Prussian officers of state, in celebration of Napoleon's birthday. Already might be heard the indistinct mutterings of that storm which broke over Prussia and the whole north of Germany in the autumn, and brought down upon the French government the curses of all German patriots. But, at this feast, Prussians and Germans drank to the Emperor Napoleon; though here and there the champagne passed untasted from the lips.

"The diplomatic corps at Berlin had at that time peculiar elements of coldness and dissension. At the beginning of the French revolution, the French embassy was regarded at all European courts as an inevitable evil, from which all shrank, and which all regarded as temporary; ridiculed with high-bred contempt, and looked at with curiosity to see how it was to end. Hence arose an unusual unity and cordiality among the other members of the diplomatic corps. But this was now entirely altered. Napoleon's ambassadors were no longer viewed as a passing evil, and many an envoy of the smaller courts already sheltered himself under their wings; while the ministers of the great powers behaved to them with such an overstrained politeness and suspicious friendliness, as I never saw at any other time. This ought, one might think, to have been peculiarly the case with the ambassador of Austria, whose position was the most threatening; but never did I see such an example of a brilliant address covering the profoundest policy, as in Count Metternich.

"The ambassador who was the object of all this suspicion, and the source of new divisions and coldness in the diplomatic corps, was, curiously enough, a man by nature inclined to peace, and delighting in frankness and honesty. M. Laforest was a Frenchman in heart and soul; but had not the slightest sympathy with Napoleon, and was irritated beyond measure at any attempt to ascribe the whole success of the French army to him. At bottom he felt much like his predecessor Bournonville, who, with

military frankness or imprudence, repeatedly told the Queen of Prussia that he carefully preserved his cross of St. Louis! But in spite of Laforest's frankness and sincerity, he was still regarded as the spy of a hated government, the organ of hated demands; every little advantage which he gave was eagerly seized; and of course this reacted upon him, and his reports, both of the court of Berlin and the diplomatic body, certainly did not contribute to put Napoleon in good humor. The conferences between him and Haugwitz, the then minister of foreign affairs, must have been curious. Each sought to circumvent and mystify the other; and as the Prussian was as great a master of the art of spinning out smooth phrases, as the Frenchman was of solemn diplomatic declamation, and as France and Prussia were then trying *not* to understand each other, it is probable that these two statesmen often parted without being able to give their sovereigns any intelligible account of what had passed between them.

"Haugwitz might be taken as a sort of representative of the distractions of the time in which he lived, and of the struggle between the world which had been, and that which was to be. Alternately assuming the wildest debaucheries of the regency, and the most homely domestic life of Germany; driving into Italy with a coach load of mistresses, and then sitting for months by the side of his knitting-wife; he might be regarded as combining, in his own person, the social state which was in its last convulsive throes, and that which was to be born of ruin and suffering. Indued with talents which had had no proper training; too impatient or too indolent for science, he plunged into religious enthusiasm, magic, secret societies, intrigue, ambition, and sensuality, with all the desperate energy of ennui. Haugwitz had no political system; he had only one decided project, which was to keep the French out of Northern Germany:—as if there was any corner of Germany secure against French invasion, if all parts did not unite in repelling it! But he acted in contempt of his own principles, when he disregarded the pressing entreaties of Hanover for protection, and allowed that country to be occupied by the republican armies. This blunder was only less fatal or less disgraceful than the one by which it was succeeded—the yielding to the bribe offered by Napoleon, and making Prussia herself take possession of the Hanoverian territory. From that moment, Haugwitz's administration plunged the country into difficulties, from which nothing but a war with France, and all its train of disasters, could extricate it.

"The queen, who was from the first eager for war,\* never could endure Haugwitz, and always believed him to be a traitor. Probably, had Hardenberg then had the direction of affairs, the Prussian army would have taken the field earlier, and the battle of Austerlitz might perhaps have been prevented."

We refer our readers to our last number, and also to Lang's description, for the character of the able and accomplished Hardenberg. He was at this time the idol of the people of Berlin, who serenaded him, expressly "because he had been for war." He had just been accused by the

*Moniteur* of being "not insensible to English gold," and had retired from office.

We have already seen that Napoleon, determined to put an end to the king's vacillations, had compelled Prussia to take possession of Hanover, as the only means of effectually embroiling her with England, and binding her to himself. The king, indeed, still irresolute, had changed the word "possession" into "temporary occupation and administration;" so that while, on the one hand, Count Münster quitted the country with a bitter protest, on the other, Napoleon was incensed at the change, made Haugwitz wait five days at Paris for an audience, and then dismissed him—saying harshly, "The treaty is good for nothing now; we must begin all over again." He threatened war in case of disobedience, and the king had no alternative but to comply. England was incensed, as was expected, at the seizure of Hanover. George III. published a declaration of war, in which he expressed his regret that "Prussia's ancient spirit of honor and bravery was utterly extinct," and he declared, that "never, on no terms, would he cede a single village of his German dominions." The animosity against Prussia, long intense in the south of Germany, was now become equally so in the north. We find traces of this in all the memoirs of the time. Chamisso, who was with the Prussian army of occupation in Hanover, relates the following incident, in a letter to Varnhagen:—"I have not told you yet the story of my host, the miller of Wieherhausen. He had been forced to put his horses before ours, and drive us into the Westphalian territory; the sturdy fellow flogged them with all his might, calling out—'Pull then! pull! pull as hard as you can!—you are dragging the Prussians out of the country!'"

Yet, while Prussia had thus alienated her natural allies, she had by no means succeeded in inspiring Napoleon with confidence. He began to see that he might lose his prey after all; he saw the reluctance of the king, and he knew the bitter hatred of the people. He threw out a new lure—a confederation of the powers of Northern Germany, with the King of Prussia at their head, and with the title of Emperor of Northern Germany. "We too shall have our confederation," writes Haugwitz from Paris. But the end of all these tempting promises was, that Napoleon, without even consulting the king, offered to restore Hanover to England. Indignity could go no further. It was impossible that anybody in Prussia could now deceive himself as to the real position of the country. But she had no right to complain; there was in reality enough to justify Napoleon's distrust.

At length, on the 6th October, the war so clamorously demanded from the hesitating and foreboding king was declared; on the 8th, the first engagement took place; on the 10th, the hero of the war party, Prince Louis Ferdinand, fell at the battle of Saalfeld; on the 14th, the king received Napoleon's celebrated letter, reproaching

\* We must defer to another occasion what we have to say respecting this remarkable woman. With respect to her inclinations, there is, we imagine, no doubt; though the testimony is very conflicting as to the degree to which she influenced, or sought to influence, the king.



him with making "an impolitic war without the shadow of a pretext." This was on the battlefield of Jena.

Gladly leaving the contemplation of that and every other scene of carnage to those who delight in them, we will present our readers with one of the most faithful and instructive pictures we have ever met with, of the effects of war on the calm and sacred regions of domestic and social life. We shall see how they fare, trampled under the brutal feet of an invading army.

The amiable and excellent Professor Steffens, to whose autobiography we are indebted for these details, had been recently appointed to a chair in the University of Halle. He was living there with his young wife, in the peaceful cultivation of science, and in the enjoyment of the society of a small circle of friends and fellow laborers, the most distinguished of whom was the learned and eloquent Schleiermacher and his sister, afterwards the wife of the patriot poet, Arndt. In 1805, Steffens had become acquainted with several officers of high rank; and their character and conduct had already awakened his distrust.

"They were among those," he says, "who afterwards, panic-stricken by the war, betrayed the most disgraceful and disastrous spirit; but even then I must confess that their language alarmed me. It was not prompted by that healthy enthusiasm which springs from the fresh and copious fountain of the heart; it was narrow arrogance, and a kind of superstition which attached miraculous powers to obsolete and rusty military forms. A courage like that of the English before the battle of Agincourt, as described by Shakspeare, would not have been blind to the impending dangers. But not one of these men seemed to have a suspicion of the tremendous strength of the brave army, which, having overturned all the existing theory and practice of war, flushed with victory, and sharing in the vehement excitement of a whole people, now threatened us with annihilation. The ghost of the Seven Years' War, they fancied, would strike terror into the enemy. The Prussian soldier, a slavish hireling, enjoyed no consideration among the people, had no national interest, and was only kept to his duty by the fear of punishment.

"The army," he adds, "was regarded rather as the enemy than the defender of the citizens. It was impossible for them to see without irritation the constant assumption, that honor was the exclusive property of the military class."\*

The moment of trial now arrived:—

"The troops assembled in the neighborhood marched out; the rumors of the approach of the enemy grew stronger, and it became certain that the field of battle would be in our neighborhood. An anxious silence reigned through the city; the Duke of Württemberg marched into Halle, and from that moment the inhabitants felt that they were involved in the fearful struggle. It is a singular

\* There is a domestic tragedy of great merit called "Die Macht der Verhältnisse," by Ludwig Robert, brother of the celebrated Rahel, which powerfully illustrates the consequences of this intolerable usurpation. It turns on the refusal of an officer (of course a nobleman) to fight a *roturier* man of letters, whose sister he had wronged and insulted.

and awful feeling to be obliged to surrender one's self, passive and without an effort, into the hands of a foreign power. We were still protected, indeed, by our own army; but we ourselves, inactive, had only to await the destiny in which that might involve us. Tranquillity and order were destroyed. Men and women wandered about the streets in a state of anxious excitement; for it was evident, from the position of the hostile troops, that a great battle was at hand. At length, a vague rumor, and then the certainty, of the unfortunate battle of Saalfeld, and the death of Prince Louis, arrived. His rashness seemed like the effect of despair, and this despair infected us all. The unfortunate 14th October drew near. An unquiet crowd filled the streets. The news of a great defeat came, heralded by the report of a great victory. The people exulted; the general joy even infected my friends. This lasted a whole day, during which one French prisoner was brought into the city. He was the first enemy we had seen, and his appearance excited an immense ferment among the people, who were with difficulty restrained from falling upon him. It seemed as if we had gained a great advantage.

"On the evening of the 15th, I ascertained that the battle of Auerstadt was lost, and concluded that the Halle reserve would be attacked."

On the morning of the 16th, Steffens heard firing, and looking from his garden, which commanded a view in that direction, saw that the troops were engaged.

"Very early in the morning," says he, "came Schleiermacher and his sister to be witnesses of the fearful sight. They were joined by several professors and others. To unskilled eyes, all appeared undecided; and so wonderfully blinded by the good news, so firmly trusting in the invincible character of a Prussian army, were most of them, that they saw in this attack of the French a victory. 'The poor French!' said one of my colleagues; 'I could find in my heart to pity them; they will soon be cut to pieces before our eyes.'"

But this illusion did not last. The enemy was soon seen to advance; and scattered Prussians fled into the town.

"My dwelling," says Steffens, "in a distant and unfrequented part of the town, was exposed to danger. We determined to take our infant, and seek refuge in Schleiermacher's house. Schleiermacher and his sister, and my wife, went first; I followed, by the side of the maid who carried the child, but the danger pressed. We had to hurry down the long Ulrich Strasse. Shots were fired in the streets, otherwise utterly deserted. The houses were all closed; only here and there was seen a workman hastily tearing down some tempting sign. The nurse was herself a mother; she wished to go to her child, but trembled and could hardly walk. I threw her cloak over my shoulders, took the child from her, and hurried on. On arriving at the market-place, we saw our danger—the retreat of the reserve corps lay through the city, and we had to cross the whole tumultuous body at right angles. How we got through I know not. In such moments, consciousness is changed into a blind but powerful instinct of self-preservation. The enemy was pouring into the streets; a volley was fired in the direction of my flight; the bullets whistled about my ears. We were but a

few steps from the place of shelter, but our retreat might every moment be cut off. At length we reached the house; the street was silent and empty; the closed door was hastily opened, and locked again;—for the moment we were saved."

The tranquillity of the little party was not, however, of long duration. Three French soldiers soon broke in and plundered the house.

"It even now became evident that the Prussian power was annihilated, that the city and university were absolutely in the power of the enemy, and the whole existence and prosperity of those connected with the latter were overthrown."

On the 19th, Bernadotte published his proclamation, promising that the funds of the university should remain untouched, and the students unmolested; that it was the intention of his sovereign to protect the university of Halle. How these promises were fulfilled, we shall see anon. The minds of the inhabitants were, as may be imagined, far from tranquillized by them.

"At length Napoleon came. We knew that he was peculiarly embittered against Prussia. Halle was the first Prussian city he had entered, and he remained here some days. I was still with my family in Schleiermacher's house. An *employé* of the French commissariat was quartered in it, and of course took the best rooms; so that Schleiermacher and his sister, and his friend Gass, as well as I, with my wife and child, were put to great shifts. None of us undressed for some time, none had a regular bed; we seized a few hours' sleep when we were exhausted and over-wearied. Bonaparte remained three days in Halle."

The result of his stay was as follows:—

"German students were never celebrated for polished manners. It seems that some of them had thronged, like boys, to see the conqueror and his showy suite ride through the streets, and had made no obeisance. A student to whom Napoleon had spoken, when called on to answer in a foreign language, in the embarrassment of the moment had called him 'Monsieur.' Such were the causes which led to the dissolution of the university of Halle. Napoleon chose to believe the students in a dangerous plot against him; but the spirit which afterwards exhibited itself in so formidable and heroic a manner among the students in Germany, had as yet no existence. With the ignorance he so constantly betrayed of other countries, he imagined that the students lived in colleges, under supervision; and scolded because they were not shut up. He dissolved the university, and ordered the students instantly to quit the town, and go home to their parents.\*

"The next day, towards morning, during an unquiet sleep, we heard a stir in the house, a running up and down stairs, a loud talking in the court, the stamping of horses in the stables. When we rose, the town was empty; the troops had marched out, the students having been driven out in the course of the former day. We, their teachers, remained behind in the deserted, forlorn city; our occupation was gone, our destiny all uncertain. The council of the professors met, and we now found that the funds of the university had been seized. A letter

from Berthier had arrived from Dessau, in which he informed me of the emperor's displeasure. Men of letters, he said, should not trouble themselves about politics: their only business was to cultivate and diffuse science, (the old song!) The professors of Halle had mistaken their vocation, and therefore the emperor had closed the university. The whole corps of teachers was thus left without an occupation, and the greater part of them condemned to poverty and want. The whole assembly sat in helpless consternation."

The feeble and craven spirit which had been engendered in all classes, by the causes we have endeavored to trace, now showed itself—to the disappointment and disgust of Steffens. It was proposed by some of the professors that they should endeavor to clear themselves in the eyes of the conqueror from any charge of disloyalty to him. The most abject apologies were accordingly made; and made, as might have been foreseen, in vain. What follows is more to the credit of the academics.

"The newly-built church of the university, in which Schleiermacher preached, was converted by the French into a Magazine for forage. Our salaries were due on the 1st of November, and that of the past months was all spent. The fees for my lectures were, however, due to me. On collecting these, I had about eighty louis-d'or in my hands. After paying all claims on me, I had just ten dollars left, and Schleiermacher not more. It was impossible to get immediate help from our distant friends; we were cut off from them by the enemy's troops.

"We determined to throw the little sum at our disposal into a common fund, and to form one household. Schleiermacher removed into my small, confined dwelling. My wife, with her child and Schleiermacher's sister, slept in one very small room, which opened into a larger, while I and my friend slept in a similar room, and each pursued his studies in a common room. In a corner of this room Schleiermacher wrote his essay on the First Epistle of Paul to Timothy. We lived in great indigence, saw few people, scarcely ever left the house, and when money fell short, I sold my little plate.

"But though we lived so poorly, our minds were not subdued. It was our fixed persuasion that from this time the fate of our country lay in the firm and constant spirit of every one of her sons. That strengthened and elevated us; and, spite of our poverty, we assembled the friends and the young men who had the courage not to leave the town, around our humble tea-table. Luckily we had just laid in a stock of tea and sugar when the storm broke upon us.

"These evenings we shall certainly never forget. At first our minds were occupied with the fearful and wretched events of the day, especially the prompt and unintelligible surrender of Magdeburg."\*

To that new scene of defeat and dishonor, as described by the brilliant and graphic pen of Immermann, we must now transport our readers.

\* The reëstablishment of the university at Halle, in 1803, was due to the intercessions of that accomplished scholar and critic, Baron von Rumohr.

\* Shortly after, three opulent and eminent inhabitants of the town were carried off to France as hostages. One of them, Professor Niemeyer, has left memoirs containing an account of his residence there.

Immerman was a native of Magdeburg. His grandfather had served under Frederic the Great, whom, to the day of his death, he called "the king;" and the little boy had been nurtured in the belief of the unconquerable arms of Prussia. His description of the state of the public mind in his boyhood would be, as he says, incredible, were it not supported by ample testimony. But at length the day of preparation came—and what a preparation!—

"The city was soon the scene of a continued passage of troops. Regiments of horse and foot, ammunition, baggage wagons, and pontoons, which particularly struck us boys, marched for weeks in at the Brück and out at the Sudenburger Thor. An army in movement had then very different appendages from what it has now. These imprinted themselves on our childish imaginations. The packhorses carrying the tents, with their intricate mass of linen and cordage, above which balanced the long poles, were obliged to go in single and interminable file. Then, still more strange, the red-striped kitchen-wagons of the generals and colonels, with great hen-coops hanging on both sides, from which were heard the cackling, and screaming, and gobbling of all sorts of live poultry, destined to secure to these heroes the accustomed pleasure of the table. This precaution astonished us children; and one of us naïvely asked, whether there were no chickens in the villages on the way? The light and gay Bosniacks and Towarskys formed a splendid contrast to this ponderous camp equipage."

The fearful 18th of October at length came, to wake the Magdeburgers from their dreams of security. The dreadful truth was preceded, as at Halle, by the report of a brilliant victory. At length it came, bit by bit; and the wildest joy was succeeded by doubt, then by anxiety, fear, and, lastly, by the mortal certainty of despair. An expression of Immermann's father, during the period of suspense, is characteristic. "My God!" exclaimed he, with a deep sigh, "Frederic's soldiers will surely do their duty!" And now came the spectacle of the shameful and disorderly retreat of these very soldiers!

"As the confused rout came in by the same gate through which they had marched forth, the people gathered in knots, looking on with alarmed but still incredulous wonder. 'These are the first fugitives,' I heard people say; 'they are never in order; have patience, the regular regiments will soon come.' But noon came—afternoon came—evening drew on, and the pell-mell had not ceased; the disorderly mob which *had been an army* still filled the streets. At length came some troops in marching order, as exceptions to the miserable rule;—covered were now the banners which had floated so proudly in the breeze. Most of them marched on in silence—once only the music sounded, loud and clear, like the laughter of despair. It was the trumpeters of a cuirassier regiment;—their regiment was not behind them—they were quite alone, and blew the Dessauer march, just as if all was in the best possible order. They looked well, too, and were mounted on high-fed horses. Indeed, generally speaking, the men did not look jaded, nor hungry, nor worn; and the contrast between their personal good condition with the gen-

eral destruction, exhibited in the strongest light the depth of the calamity. In the evening everybody knew that a Prussian army no longer existed. A helpless grief sat on men's faces. But even then the indescribable spirit which characterized that period was not extinguished. I heard a man say to his neighbor, 'That may be as it will; things have gone badly, no doubt, but we have lost with honor, for I heard just now that the Prussians did n't once lose the step through the whole battle.'

If the German character does not appear under very favorable colors in the foregoing description, the following incident shows it under one of its most noble and touching aspects. The great conservative principle of Germany—their attachment to their princely houses—never shone forth more bright. In the midst of the wreck of his army and his fortunes, the king—the half-dethroned king—arrived, accompanied by one aide-de-camp.

"At the sight of him, the crowd broke out into a loud cheer. This sound was so unexpected by him, and in his present circumstances so affecting, that he lost all self-command. He put his handkerchief to his eyes, and walked on for some way with his face covered. He then withdrew it, and went to his lodging, bowing gravely to his people, who, moved by the tears of their leader, received his greetings in the deepest and most respectful silence."

We have been told (for such things are oftener related than printed in Austria) that the *pendant* to this affecting picture was exhibited at Vienna after the battle of Austerlitz. The Emperor Francis, a fugitive, mounted on a sorry jade, attended by one aide-de-camp, defeated and almost dethroned, was about to make his inglorious entry into his capital; he was met by the citizens, who had of their own accord dragged out the state-carriage, and now seated him in it, and drew him, as if in triumph, to his palace. "Why, what would you have done if your emperor had been victorious?" asked a stranger. "Oh! then we should not have needed to do anything," was the answer. It may be said, and justly, that Francis was not worthy of such sublime and delicate generosity; we reply, hardly any man can be worthy of it, and that this is not the question. The question is, whether nations will fare better under similar circumstances, who have no attachment to an ideal—which is permanent precisely because it has no actual existence. Such an ideal is (to the old German sentiment) the "Landesherr," or "Landesvater;" the hereditary sovereign, invested with that ancient patriarchal sanctity which, though capable of being heightened or diminished by the qualities of the possessor for the time being, is inalienable from the office. An attachment to institutions, formed after calm deliberation and on a full estimate of their value, is, no doubt, a far higher, manlier, and safer thing, than this attachment to a sovereign individual or house. We prefer the creed of Pryn and Hampden, to the devotion of Ormonde and the Cavaliers. But until the reason of the masses can be appealed to with some chance of success, the tutelary force of habit



and sentiment can ill be dispensed with. Of this the world has had proof enough.

The panic and rout were now complete and universal. We have a tragical picture of it from the hand of a poet—a man who, from the peculiar circumstances of his birth and education, tastes and character, saw the war (if we may be allowed to say so) from both sides. Chamisso was born a Frenchman, but had early adopted Germany, and more especially Prussia, as his country, with more than the passion of a native. It is as a German poet that he is best known, and his romance of "Peter Schlemil" is characterized by a thoroughly German spirit. At the beginning of the war he served in the Prussian army, but after the peace between France and Prussia, he thought himself bound to return to his native country, and to enter the French army. The following is extracted from a letter written by him to M. de Varnhagen, dated 22d November, 1806, describing the disastrous and disgraceful capitulation of Hameln:—

"Oh! my friend," exclaims he, "not for the salvation of my soul would I be one of those sinners. Anxious and embarrassed they stood before us, and gave us the shameful answer—that the enemy was already in Berlin—the king's power annihilated—that Magdeburg and Custrin, and Spandau and Stettin, and God knows what towns, had opened their gates. Why should they not do the same!—it must come to that; and—in a word—it was already done."

The indignation of the troops, their burning desire to wipe off the stain, was not to be contained. Rhaden, a boy fresh from the academy of engineers, swore that he would stab the men who had signed the capitulation. "Had we found a leader," continues Chamisso, "we should have kissed his feet." He proposed to draw lots who should command them; to swear obedience to the new commander; to cry, Long live the king! and to rush on the enemy. Those who chose might remain behind. While he was speaking, the drums beat the alarm.

"The soldiers had learned that they were betrayed, and, in rage and desperation, broke out into the wildest excesses. They forced open the magazines, staved brandy-casks, got drunk, and plundered shops. In the midst of these scenes of disgrace and horror, one of Roman honor occurred. In Haak's regiment there were two brothers of the name of Warnava, sons of a soldier, and themselves soldiers. They had vainly protested against the surrender of the fortress. Finding that there remained no other way of avoiding dishonor, each placed his musket on the other's breast, fired, and fell into each other's arms; in this strict embrace, they died."

Chamisso describes the dismal morning after this fearful night—the German arms thrown into the mud by their despairing possessors—the old Brandenburgers weeping as they took leave of their officers, who stood stupefied, wishing that some stray bullet would hit them—other soldiers stupidly drunk. In the midst of this desolation, the Dutch troops marched in, jeering at the Prussians for not resisting their small numbers. "Even

with the sacrifice of all he was worth," says he, "would many a German citizen have wiped out this dishonor to Germany."

He concludes:—"I shall serve no more now. Perhaps, my friend, other times may arise when I may gladly grasp my sword again. *It may be good that things have taken the turn we see. I reckon not with the gods. Where a new building is to be erected, the ground must first be cleared and levelled.* But, my beloved friend, may you rather lie on the battle-field, where one sleeps well, than witness what I have witnessed! Farewell."

The effect of these tremendous reverses on the inhabitants of Berlin, is thus described by the Freiherr von S——a:—

"The battle of Jena was first announced to the capital by shouts of 'Soul is beaten!' The fearful truth soon followed. Among the various emotions which this overthrow of the glory and the pride of Prussia excited, I observed numerous proofs of joy among the citizens and civil classes, that the arrogance of the soldiery had received so signal and ignominious a chastisement! Even then, the persuasion forced itself upon my mind, that there was no salvation for Prussia till its army should be completely merged in the mass of the people; and should rise out of it to a new life, and in an altered form."

The disaster was officially announced to the capital by that ever-memorable proclamation, put forth by the governor, beginning, "Tranquillity is now the first duty of every citizen." We have heard eye-witnesses describe the effect it produced on all who had any feeling for the honor of their country. Some hid their faces, and appeared overwhelmed with shame; some shed tears of rage; some seemed stupefied with despair. Yet the mass of the people had at that time so little idea of what awaited them under the French domination, that when, on the 27th October, Napoleon entered Berlin, "he seemed," says Droysen, "to be regarded rather with curiosity than with sorrow."

"The Berliners," says the Freiherr von S——a, "had reckoned on help from Russia with such confidence, that when the first French chasseurs rode through the Potsdam gate, the people, seeing the green uniforms, exclaimed, 'The Russians are come! the Russians are come!'"

"The easy, careless air of the French troops formed a singular contrast with the stiff pedantry of the Prussian. The French were fuller than usual of vanity and insolence. They ascribed their victory at Jena solely to their own valor, and the high reputation of their enemy made them regard this victory as something gigantic. Very few of the officers had the candor and good sense to see that the main cause of their success was to be found in the antiquated organization of the Prussian army."

"Napoleon made his entry into Berlin on a lovely day of October, to the sound of those same bells which had so often announced the wonderful and saving victories of Frederic the Great, so often awakened the national pride of Prussia. He entered with unequalled military pomp. But this did not make the impression on the Berliners he expected; there was something ostentatious and tawdry in it, which is not to the taste of Germans. They felt as if they were looking at a troop of equestrian performers. Bonaparte was evidently

much impressed by the memory of Frederic. It was clear that he thought the people of Berlin would compare him to their hero. In this he was completely mistaken. The Berliners are little given to admiration; and if it is extorted from them, they pay it to the dead, or to those whom they regard as their own property. They had exhausted it on Frederic; and many now turned their whole practised talent for ridicule against Napoleon. Most of them, however, hated him with gloomy earnestness."

Here we must pause. We are arrived at the crisis at which the work of regeneration is about to commence. A long and dreary night is before us; but in that night the German nation will recruit itself, and arise like a strong man refreshed. We have still to witness great sufferings; tragical destinies of the high and the lovely; we have still to see in some of its multiform details what it is to be a conquered people. Six years of such sights as these are before us; painted by those who lived, suffered, and acted in the midst of them.

"The truth," says Arndt, "is beyond all power of description. We look back as upon a black dream, and are amazed at what we have seen and suffered, and can hardly believe it. Years must elapse before it can be described, nor will our grandchildren then believe what was the state of Germany in the years 1808, 9, 10, and 11. The base and the bad openly triumphed and domineered; the indolent and the cowardly served with hopeless and thoughtless obsequiousness; many of the good despaired; only a few noble spirits still hoped."

But the hope of those few noble spirits, far different from the presumptuous and inane confidence which is the forerunner of destruction, contained within it the germ of deliverance. It rested not only on their own conscious energy and determination, but on experience of human things, and observation of the ways of Providence. They saw that their oppressor was sowing the dragon's teeth, and they knew that the harvest of armed men would not long be wanting. They saw that the chastisements of Heaven were doing their work in the hearts of the German people, and they placed a just reliance on the result. This is admirably expressed by Steffens.

"The more all prospect of external help vanished, the more threatening the aspect of things around us, the stronger became our internal confidence, our firm conviction that the holy and the good, the germs of which were springing up in Germany, could not be annihilated by the rude trampling of a conquering soldiery. In this view, I often ventured to express what was the guiding principle of all my thoughts so long as the French occupied the land, even in those days of despair. I maintained that the battle of Jena was the first victory over Napoleon,\* for that it had destroyed the weaknesses which were his best allies, and had awakened a spirit which must in the end arise and conquer. The certainty that I should witness his fall never left me."

\*The converse of Borne's equally true paradox, that the battle of Jena was lost by Frederic the Great.

From the Quarterly Review.

*Paddiana; or, Scraps and Sketches of Irish Life, Present and Past.* By the author of *A Hot-Water Cure*. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1847.

PEOPLE seem, at this time, rather weary of Irish questions—great and small—and of books about Ireland—whether blue folios "presented to both houses of parliament," or duodecimos artistically arranged on Mr. Ebers' counter, or pamphlets hawked by unmixed Caucasians at every pork-pie station on the railway. We must, therefore beg to inform our readers that, if they suffer a natural prejudice to stand between them and "Paddiana," they will be doing themselves an unkindness. This book is a rarity. It overflows with humor, yet is unstained by vulgarity; and though we strongly suspect the author to have a heart, there is neither rant nor whine in his composition. Sterling humor implies sagacity, and therefore every really humorous book must be suggestive of serious thought and reflection;—no matter what the subject or the form, the masculine element will pervade what it underlies and sustains. It is so here; but we have no particular turn for the critical chemistry that tortures a crumb of medicine from a pail of spring-water. We shall endeavor to give some notion of the writer's quality, and trust whoever will read the book through to draw economical and political conclusions of his own. Our humble object and agreeable duty is to pay our homage to a pen of genuine ability. A former production mentioned in the title-page never happened to fall in our way,\* and we have no knowledge whatever of the author except what we gather from internal evidence—to wit, that he is a military man of some standing—an old soldier of the duke's—that he is not an Irishman—that he frolicked and flirted away some of his youth in Ireland—and that he has also spent several years there in the more sobered temper of middle age. There are few among our regimental officers who have not seen a good deal of Irish life, and we have been obliged to several of them before now for amusing sketches of it—but this is not an observer of the common file, and the light cunning of his hand equals the keenness of his eye. He is (as he says of one of his heroes) "a man of the world and a gentleman"—and of course there is no finery about him. We doubt if his two volumes contain a single allusion to "the aristocracy"—certainly neither lord nor lady figures among his *dramatis personæ*. No lofty quizzing of "the middle classes"—none of that sublime merriment over the domestic arrangements of "cits" or "squireens," which sits so gracefully on scribes admitted to contemplate occasionally a marchioness' "dancing tea"—perhaps even a duke's omnigatherum Saturday din-

\* Since this was written we have seen the "Hot-Water Cure;" and in case any of our readers are not acquainted with that performance, we can promise them good entertainment from it also. It is a lively account of certain travels in and near the Rhine-land—in a totally different style from the "Bubbles of the Brunnen," but hardly less diverting.

ner—because they may have penned a sonnet for her ladyship's picture in the "Book of Beauty," or his grace has been told that they chatter and pun, entertain drowsy dowagers, break the dead silences, and "help a thing off." Nothing of that minute laborious dissection of the details of ordinary people's absurd attempts at hospitality, sociality, carpet-hops and pic-nics, which must, it is supposed, be so very gratifying to those who are clothed in purple and fare sumptuously every day—affording such a dignified pause of comfort amid their melancholy habitual reflections on the progress of "the democratic principle," the improvement of third-class carriages, and the opening of Hampton Court. Nothing, on the other hand, of that fawning on "the masses," which, long confined to radical newspapers and the melodrama of the suburbs, has of late been the chief characteristic of half the "light literature" in vogue—the endless number-novels especially, in which all the lower features of Dickens and Thackeray are caricatured—without the least relief of sense or of fun—the swarming literature of our "gents." If it were only that here is a book of social sketches, unpolluted by adulation of high life or of low, painting people in their natural colors and attitudes—the good, the bad, and the indifferent distributed as they are in the world—we should be well justified in calling attention to "Paddiana." But such a book about Ireland is doubly rare and doubly welcome. We are not aware that we have had any such since Miss Edgeworth laid by her pen—and, unfortunately for men, women, and children, that was not yesterday. There has been abundance of bold grouping, and a superabundance of clever drawing—but the whole seldom, if ever, toned and harmonized by the independence and candor of good sense and good breeding, which are as essential to the permanent success of a novelist as *atmosphere* is to that of a landscape painter. There has been vigorous romance, striking fragments of it at least, and a most bewildering prodigality of buffoonery—but the serious generally smeared over with a black varnish of fierce angry passion, and the grotesque unpenetrated by the underplay of ever-genial Pantagruelism.

We wish to recommend a book of amusement, and therefore our extracts shall be liberal; but we do not mean to interfere with the interest of the author's stories. It will satisfy us to take specimens of description that may be produced without damage to the enjoyment of his skill in constructing and working out a plot. To begin at the beginning—here are some fragments of the chapter in which he depicts his first voyage from Liverpool to the bay of Dublin. This was before the era of steamboats, so the Waterloo medal could have lost little of its original brightness; but, excepting the new power and the cabin accommodations, the whole chapter, we believe, would apply as well to 1847:—

"On the pier above stood some hundreds of Irish reapers, uniformly dressed in gray frieze coats, cor-

duroy breeches unbuttoned at the knee, and without neckerchiefs; carrying their sickles wrapped in straw slung over the shoulder—and every one with a large, long blackthorn stick in his hand, the knob of the stick being on the ground, contrary to the usage of all other people, and the small end held in the hand. As the vessel was preparing to cast off, a stream of these people began to pour down the ladder to the deck of our little craft, till the whole forepart and subsequently the waist were completely choked up with them. Still they kept descending, till the cabin passengers were driven to the extreme after-part, alongside the tiller: but yet the stream flowed on, till not only the fore-cabin but every available portion of the deck was crammed with a dense mass of human beings—we of the state cabin forming the small tail of the crowd.

"How the vessel was to be worked in this state it was difficult to conjecture, and I heartily wished myself out of it. Indeed, I mentioned something of an intention of forfeiting my passage-money and taking the next packet, but was dissuaded by the captain, who assured me I should have to wait perhaps a month before all the reapers returned. 'Sure, we'll shake in our places by and by,' said he; 'they'll be quiet enough when they're out of the river; it's then we'll pack 'em like herrings, and pickle 'em too. But I believe we won't take any more. Hold hard there, boys; we've no room for ye. Stop that fellow with the hole in his breeches;—no, not him, th' other with the big hole—sure we can't take ye. Starboard your helm; aisy, don't jam the passengers—haul aft the jib-sheet.' And in another minute we were bowling down the river with a powerful ebb tide, and the wind dead against us.

"If the reader has ever passed over London bridge on an Easter Monday or Tuesday, and happened to notice the Greenwich steamers going down the river, he will be able to form some idea of the state of our decks as to number of passengers, substituting in his mind's eye for the black and blue coats, the glaring satin waistcoats, the awful stocks, the pink and blue ribands, and gay silks of the holiday cockneys, the unvaried grey of the Irish cargo; and imagining the majority of mouths on board to be ornamented with the 'dooden,' instead of the cheroot, or clay, or full-flavored Cuba, or labelled Lopez.

"The captain was right as regarded our passengers settling down into their places; before the first tack was made a great proportion of them were reposing in heaps under the bulwarks and the boat, and a little moving room afforded to the crew. Most of the reapers had been walking all day, and were happy enough in composing themselves to sleep.

"About eight o'clock our jolly skipper invited the cabin passengers to supper and a glass of grog, and we stowed ourselves as we best could in the little cabin, though not half the number could get a seat at the table, the remainder bestowing themselves upon carpet bags and portmanteaus about the floor, each with his plate on his knees and his tumbler beside him. The supper was composed of bread and butter and hot potatoes, and followed by whiskey punch, which I tasted then for the first time, and glorious liquor I thought it. As it was my introduction to that beverage, the honest skipper undertook to mix it himself for me, adding, however, a trifle of water to the just proportions, in consideration of my youth and inexperience.

"Notwithstanding the seduction of the beverage, I was soon fain to quit the insufferably close cabin, and return to the deck. The wind had nearly died



away; it was a cloudy sultry night, and a low growl of thunder came occasionally out of the dark masses to the westward. About ten o'clock we were standing well out to sea, with a freshening wind coming round fair, and I began to think of turning in for the night. What, however, was my surprise on going below to find nearly all the dozen passengers stowed away in the six berths, my own peculiar property not excepted, in which were two huge black-whiskered fellows snoring with up-turned noses, while a third was standing in shirt and drawers by the bedside, meditating how he might best insinuate his own person between them! On appealing to the captain I got little consolation; he looked placidly at the sleepers, and shook his head. 'Faith, ye're better out o' this,' said he; 'sure there's no keeping a berth from such fellows as them. That's O'Byrne; it's from th' O'Byrnes of the mountains he comes, and they're a hard set to deal with. It will blow fresh presently, and a fine state they'll be in. Get your big coat, and I've a pea-jacket for you. You're better on deck. Faugh! I'd hardly stand this cabin myself, much as I'm used to it.' By this time I began to partake largely in the skipper's disgust, and was glad to make my escape.

"I have never seen anything equal to those thirty-six hours. Let the traveller of the present day bless his stars that he is living in the age of steam by land and water, and mahogany panels, and mirrors, and easy sofas, and attentive stewards, and plenty of basins, and certain passages of a few hours' duration.—Towards the afternoon of the second day all hands began to feel hungry—the more so as the wind had lulled a little: and accordingly the greater part of the evening was spent in cooking potatoes, with a sea-stock of which every deck passenger had come provided. It was not a very easy thing for about two hundred people to cook each his separate mess at one time and at one fireplace; but they tried to do it, and great was the wrangling in consequence. Sundry small fights occurred, but they were too hungry to think of gratifying their propensities that way, and the quarrels were disposed of summarily; but towards the close of the day, when they were more at leisure, and had time to look about them, a cause of quarrel was discovered between two rival factions, whether Connaught and Munster, or Connaught and Leinster, I forget, but it was quite enough of a quarrel to produce a fight. It commenced with talk, then came a hustling in the centre, then the sticks began to rise above the mass, and finally, such a whacking upon heads and shoulders, such a screeching, and tearing, and jumping, and hallooing ensued, as till that time I had never witnessed. The row commenced forward among some twenty or thirty in the bows, and gradually extended aft as others got up from the deck to join in it, or came pouring up from the fore-cabin. In a few minutes the whole deck from head to stern was covered by a wild mob, fighting without aim or object, as it appeared, except that every individual seemed to be trying his utmost to get down every other individual, and when down to stamp him to death.

"At the first appearance of the 'shindy' the captain went amongst them to try and stop it; but finding his pacific efforts of no avail, he quietly walked up the rigging, and from a safe elevation on the shrouds he was calmly looking down upon the scene below. With great difficulty, and not without an awkward thump or two, I contrived to follow his example, and took up a position alongside of him. The crew were already either in the top or out upon

the bowsprit; and even the man at the helm at last abandoned the tiller, and, getting over the side, contrived to crawl by the chains till he reached the shrouds, and so escaped aloft. At the time the row broke out the vessel was lying her course with the wind a point or two free. When the man left the helm she came of course head to wind, and the mainsail jibbing swept the boom across the deck, flooring everybody abaft the mast. Hardly were they on their legs again before the boom came back with still greater force, and swept them down in the opposite direction. If it had not been for the imminent risk of many being carried overboard, it would have been highly amusing to witness the traversing of the boom backwards and forwards, and the consequent prostration of forty or fifty people every minute. Notwithstanding the interruption, they still continued fighting, and stamping, and screeching on; and even some who were actually forced over the side still kept hitting and roaring as they hung by the boom, till the next lurch brought them on deck again. I really believe that, in their confusion, they were not aware by what agency they were so frequently brought down, but attributed it, somehow or other, to their neighbors right and left, and therefore did all in their power to hit them down in return.

"Meanwhile the jolly skipper looked down from his safe eminence, with about as much indifference as Quasimodo showed to the efforts of the deacon while he hung by the spout. He rather enjoyed it, and trusted to time and the boom—as the head pacificator—to set things to rights. He was not wrong: a lull came at last, and there was more talking than hitting. Taking advantage of a favorable moment, he called out, 'Well, boys, I wonder how we'll get to Dublin this way. Will ye please to tell me how I'll make the Hill o' Howth before night? Perhaps ye think we'll get on the faster for bating, like Barney's jackass? I hope the practices will hold out; but, at any rate, we'll have no water to boil them in after to-morrow. Better for me to hang out a turf, and say, Dry lodging for decent people.'"—Vol. i., p. 15.

What with the eloquence of this "vir pietate gravis," and a gallon or two of whiskey from the Saxon passenger, who, by taking refuge on the rigging, had become legally liable to a claim for *footing*, this formidable *shindy* was at last got under; and during the rest of the passage all was brotherly kindness, and pasting and buttering of the cracks and contusions about each other's intellectual and moral developments. Shakspeare never invented an opening scene that set the chief *dramatis personæ* before the pit in a more satisfactory fashion. The reader, like our young soldier, (now, we hope, a major at the least,) is ready for landing at *Dunleary*—since, in honor of that "good Brunswick," George IV., denominated by Paddy acclamation, at the late Mr. O'Connell's prompting, *Kingstown*.

There are some excellent little sketches of private life and garrison larking in Dublin; but the subaltern on Irish duty spends but a small proportion of his time in either that or any other well-built city. On first landing, be it at the capital, at Cork, or at Belfast, the corps are all together; and the troubles of the day or the night, whatever they may be, are compensated by the hearty hos

pitality of the natives, or at any rate by the easy jollity of the well-peopled mess-room. But soon the head-quarters are transferred to some petty town in the interior, and three fourths of the regiment perhaps billeted throughout the villages of a large disturbed county or barony; seldom more than two officers together—and always several of the juniors dominating over very small detachments—each gentleman condemned to utter solitude at every meal, unless when by chance there is some considerable squire or clergyman of the established church in his immediate neighborhood. No one who has travelled through Ireland but must have often been moved to pity at the apparition of the poor stripling in his foraging-cap and tight surtout, lounging desolately on the bridge, cigar in mouth of course, or disturbed in the laborious flute practice of his little dim companionless parlor by the arrival of the coach at the inn-door. Of late we all know, or may pretty well guess, what very serious and harassing business has occupied sufficiently the quondam leisure of these forlorn epaulettes. In the earlier days of our author's experience, nightly still-hunting came occasionally—nightly Whiteboy-hunting not rarely combined with it; but unless for such interludes in the way of duty, with now and then a bachelor landlord's festivity in some ruinous tower among the bogs, or the grand scene of a fair or a race, with its inevitable row and necessary attendance of "the army," a more wearisome, objectless, diversionless, humdrum dreariness of existence could hardly have been pictured by a fanciful deviser of secondary punishments. No wonder that the rare interruptions of the dullness should find an eager welcome, and after the lapse even of many years, as in this case, be chronicled with the life-like accuracy of memorial gusto.

We have been well entered as to the great business of head-breaking—let us indulge ourselves in a little more on that subject from one of the later chapters:—

"An Irishman may be called *par excellence* the bone-breaker amongst men, the *homo ossifragus* of the human family; and in the indulgence of this their natural propensity there is a total and systematic disregard of fair play: there is no such thing known, whether at a race or a fight. Let an unfortunate stranger—a man not known in the town or village—get into a scrape, and the whole population are ready to fall upon him, right or wrong, and beat him to the ground; when his life depends upon the strength of his skull or the interference of the police. There is no ring, no scratch, no bottle-holder. To set a man upon his legs after a fall is a weakness never thought of—Faith, we were hard set to get him down, and why should we let him up again!—Sure, it's a Moynahan!" was repeated by fifty voices in a row at Killarney, where all who could come near enough were employed in hitting, with their long blackthorn sticks, at an unfortunate wretch lying prostrate and disabled amongst them. Fortunately, the eagerness of his enemies proved the salvation of the man, for they crowded so furiously together that their blows scarcely ever reached their intended victim. It was

ridiculous to see the wild way in which they hit one another; but so infuriated were they, that no heed was taken of the blows, or probably in their confusion the hurts were ascribed to the agency of the man on the ground. It was no uncommon thing to see columns, of many hundreds strong, march into Killarney from opposite points, for the sole purpose of fighting, on a market-day. Why they fought nobody could tell—they did not know themselves; but the quarrel was a very pretty quarrel, and no people in the best of causes could go to work more heartily. The screams, and yells, and savage fury would have done credit to an onslaught of Blackfeet or New Zealanders, whilst the dancing madness was peculiarly their own. But in spite of the vocal efforts of the combatants, and the constant accompaniment of the sticks, you could hear the dull *thud* which told when a blackthorn fell upon an undefended skull."—Vol. i., p. 223.

Even wilder were the scenes at the races near *Clonakilty*—the very name is redolent of row—where there were no rival factions whatever, unless those originating in the grand old principle of living across the book, or in national politics, as mixed up (*mirabile dictu*) with horseflesh:—

"Painfully ludicrous to see a man rush from a tent, flourishing his stick, dancing about, and screaming 'High for Cloney!' He is speedily accommodated with a man who objects to the exaltation of Cloney, and pronounces a 'High' for some other place. A scuffle ensues, and many hard blows given and taken by those who know nothing of the cause of the row. But in this case the fight is soon over. The women rush in, in spite of the blackthorns—tender Irish epithets are lavished—every man finds himself encircled with at least one pair of fair but powerful arms; dishevelled hair is flying, pretty faces in tears, caps awry, handkerchiefs disarranged. Pat is a soft-hearted fellow—he can't stand it at all—they still squeeze him close; so he lowers his stick, and is led away captive to some distant booth, where in a few minutes more he is 'on the floore' in a jig, as if nothing had happened.

"The jockey who rides against a popular horse undertakes a service of some danger, for there are no means, however unfair, which they will not adopt to cause him to lose the race. They will hustle him—throw sticks and hats in his way, in the hope of throwing over horse and rider. I had once an opportunity of seeing a little summary justice done. The rider of a steeple-chase was struck heavily by some of the mob as he rode over a fence, and the circumstance reported to the priest, who properly required that the offender should be pointed out to him. His reverence was a hearty, powerful fellow, mounted on a strorj horse, who, report said, was much given to run away with his master on hunting-days, and could seldom be pulled up till the fox was killed. Riding calmly up to the offender, he inquired if the report were true, and, taking the sulky shuffling of his parishioner as an affirmative, he proceeded to lash him heartily over the head and shoulders with a heavy hunting-whip. The culprit writhed and roared in vain; his reverence, warming with the exercise, laid on thicker and faster, now whacking him heavily with handle and lash together, then double-thonging him upon the salient points as he wriggled and twisted; and when the man bounded for a moment as he thought out of reach, he was caught with such an accurate and stinging cast of the whip-cord under the ear, as

argued in the worthy pastor a keen eye for throwing a line. At last he fairly bolted, trying to dodge the priest amongst the crowd; but his reverence had a fine hand on his well-broken horse, besides a pair of sharp hunting-spurs over the black boots, and was up with him in a moment. Accustomed as one is to the delays and evasions of courts in this our artificial state, it was positively delicious to witness such a piece of hearty, prompt, unquibbling justice.

"But when the popular horse wins, then indeed the scene is fine. No sooner did a certain chestnut get ahead of the rest, than there arose a cry from ten thousand people, of 'The doctor's horse! the foxey horse! the doctor's horse!' accompanied by such a rush as fairly swept the winner off the course towards the weighing stand; and when, after the weighing, the favorite was walked to a distant part of the ground, he was accompanied by the same thousands, shouting 'The doctor's horse! the foxey horse!' Never, except on this occasion, have I seen five hundred persons trying to rub down one horse at one time, with ten times that number anxious to assist, and only prevented by the evident impossibility of getting near enough. Hats, handkerchiefs, coats, handfuls of grass—all were in requisition, while the vast mass of excited people roared, screeched, vociferated the endless virtues of the horse and master, though probably not one in a hundred knew anything of either, only that the horse opposed to him was owned by an anti-repealer."—Vol. i., p. 228.

This is good—but there is a love of head-breaking in the abstract—in the total absence of even a pretence of parish or party feud.

He is again on a race-course:—

"I was walking among the long drinking-tents or booths, which occupied a considerable portion of the central part of the ground, round which the course was marked out. In one of the large tents filled with people, the floor being occupied by jig-dancers, and the rest of the company disposed of on benches all round, these, being close to the canvass walls, showed to the spectators outside the bulging indications of heads, shoulders, elbows, &c. One leaned more backward than the rest, and his head protruded beyond the others. A man who happened to be passing eyed the tempting occiput, and paused. He was provided with a tremendous 'alpeen.' He looked again at the head—a destructive feeling was evidently rising within him. He raised the stick a bit; surely he is not going to hit the man! No; he puts the stick under his left arm, and rubs his hands. He smiles; some happy thought has crossed him. Suddenly he looks upwards to the sky, with an expression of wild joy—wheels quietly round—makes a short prance of three steps—utters a screech—whips the stick from under his arm, and giving it a flourish in the air, brings down the heavy knob with all his force upon the skull protruding from the canvass—whack! The heavy sound was awful; surely no human bones could stand this!—the man must be killed! Meantime the skull-breaker dances about, screaming and flourishing the stick. A hubbub of noises arose from the interior of the booth, and men and women poured out tumultuously together. As the crowd thickened, so did the confusion as to the identity of the offender; and in a few minutes it became a wild hubbub, fighting together without aim or object.

"Now, this might have been his father, brother

—nay, his mother or sister. What cared he?—there was a head to break, and the opportunity was not to be neglected. On entering the tent to see after the dead man, I found only the piper and the proprietors of the booth, calmly awaiting the return of their customers."—Vol. i., p. 230.

The *alpeen*, we understand, is less in fashion now than it used to be. The rage has been of late years for the heavy stone in the foot of a long worsted stocking. This is portable, and puzzles the police; and in reference to a monster meeting, the priest can safely attest that his parishioners attended unarmed; "he did not see one blackthorn"—not he.

One very good chapter sets before us something of the life of our literary subaltern, when at an outpost of the better order—that is where there was an elder officer as well. The younger spark has gone for a day's grouse-shooting in the bog of Allen—the senior meanwhile was to keep all right at head-quarters. It was a glorious September day, and the sporting lieutenant encountered an adventure which he narrates capitally; and as part thereof listened to a love-story—for which he must not be held responsible more than Herodotus is when he diversifies his evidence in chief by a report of what some Egyptian verger or Thracian slave-dealer told him about the funds available for the Rhodopean pyramid, or the flirtations between Scythian and Amazonian vi-dettes:—

"Choosing a dry spot, carpeted with young heather, interspersed with huge bosses of fine gray moss, while the air was scented with the delicious odor of the bog myrtle, he threw his gun and game-bag on the ground, and stretched himself along to enjoy the tranquil beauty of the scene. There are times when the spirits boil over, and our sense of happiness can only find relief in some overt act. We would give the world for a gallop, or a game at leapfrog, or the power to throw a summerset, or the license to shout aloud; and happy are they who can train the outbreak into the semblance of music. In his ecstasy the sportsman mangled several Italian melodies of the day, ruthlessly tortured a gay little *chanson à boire*, murdered Alice Grey outright, and still finding that the safety-valve required easing, leant his head against a tussuck, and gave with that hearty good-will—that unmistakable *con amore* only seen in those who sing without an audience—the well-known *morceau* of Justice Woodcock:—

When I courted a lass that was froward and shy,  
I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply.

I took her so lovingly round the waist,

And I smack'd her lips and I held her fast.

Oh! these were the joys of our dancing days.

'Bedad, ye may say that!' said a voice within ten yards of him; 'that's the way I courted Kitty. If ye'd been consoled on the premises ye couldn't have tould it better!' If a thunderbolt, or a meteoric stone, or a man of the moon, had fallen into the bog beside the grouse-shooter, he could not have been more astonished than at this greeting; and the object from whence the voice proceeded was not of a kind to diminish his wonder. Between two large bunches, or tussucks, of the gray moss, there peered forth the good-humored face of a man about thirty,



lying flat upon the bog, while the moss nearly meeting above his head, and coming down in a flowing, pear-like shape on either side of his face, gave him much the appearance of wearing a judge's wig, though the countenance showed nothing of the judge's gravity. The first impulse of the shooter was to start up and seize his gun, the second to burst out into loud laughter—

"Faith, it's true for you!" said the man, getting up and taking a seat near him; "but how the divle ye came to know it, sorrow know I know. It's shy enough she was at first, but it's meself that stuck to her. I'll tell yer honor all about it while we sit aisy here. Divle a much I cared for Lanty (that's her father.) "Let her be," says he; "wait awhile, sure the heifer's young. Any how, ye'r rough in yer ways," says he. "Faith, Mr. Hickey," says I, "it's because I'm in airnest." "Divle a doubt of it," says he; "but that's no reason why ye'd be crushing my choild wid yer hugs. Any how," says Lanty, "I'll not consent to it yet; sure I can't spare her till we've got in the praties. So hands aff's fair play," says he. "Besides," says Lanty, (sure he's a cute ould chap, that one,) "where would ye take her if ye were married itself? Ye'd bury her underground," says he, "in the quare place ye have down along the canal. Faith it's no place to take me daughter to, and she bred up in a slate house, and every convanience in Killbeggan. If she did consent, it's not for want of better offers at home, never fear. There's Burke of Athy says he's proud to disoorse wid her when he comes this way; and it's not a week ago," says he, "that Oolahan the grocer sent me the half-gallon of Parliament; it's long since ye did the like o' that, or even poteen itself. Faith," says he, "the laste ye could do would be to fill the keg in th' other room, and build me up a stack o' turf for the winter," says he. "Och, murder!" says I; "Mr. Hickey, ye'r hard upon me," says I, "wid yer Burkes and yer Oolahans. Is it Oolahan! Sure ye would n't marry yer daughter to an ould man like him? The divle a taste of a grandfather ever ye'd be, barrin what I'd be shamed to mention. Come," says I, "Mr. Hickey, ye'll give me ye'r daughter—she's fond o' me. Clap hands upon that," says I, "and I'll fill the keg with the first runnings—the raal stuff," says I; "oncet ye taste it ye'll put Oolahans Parliament in a jar, and throw stones at it. And I'll build ye the stack if ye'll wait till the turf's dhry; I've a rare lot o' the deep cutting," says I, "as hard as stones."

"Well, faith, I tuck him the sperrits and the turf, but the divle a Kitty I got; and I heard it's aften they went to tay wid ould Oolahan, and made game o' me sperrits and me. Faith, thinks I, the next thing 'll be I'll have the gauger (sure he's Oolahan's brother-in-law) and th' army destroying me still, and meself in Phillipstown jail. But, any how, says I, I'll be up to ould Lanty, as cute as ye are. So when the next dark night come, I tuck some of the boys wid me, and their harses, and went to Lanty's, and soon I brought the sweet crathur outside wid a small whistle I have. "Now," says I, "Kitty, sure I want to talk to ye; maybe I won't disoorse so fine as Mr. Oolahan," says I, "but, any how, bring out the key o' the doore, and we'll turn it upon Mr. Hickey the whilst we're talking. Sure he might be angry if he found me wid ye unknownst, and I'd like to keep him safe," says I. "What's that?" says Kitty; "sure I thought I heard voices beyant," says she. "Oh, nothin, me

darlint!" says I, "but a couple o' boys goan home from the fair o' Mullingar, wid their harses, and they'll stop for me till I go 'long wid em."

"Well, with that Kitty goes in and slips on her cloak; and, says she, "I'll jist step across to Biddy Fay's for the haarbes." "Well," says Lanty, "do so; and while ye'r gone I'll jist take a sup o' Oolahan's sperrits. Faith, it's great stuff," says he, "and agrees wid me better than Mike Cronin's. It's raw stuff, his," says Lanty. (Th' ould villain, and better never came out of a still!) "Well," says he, "Kitty, I'm poorly to-night, and I'll take it warm; make me a tumbler o' punch," says he, "Kitty. Musha, bad luck to me," says he, "but I'd rather see ye married to a steady man, that's got a license to sell good sperrits, like Oolahan, than any one, barrin a distiller itself, and that would be looking rather high," says he, "for they're mostly of the quality, them sort. Anyhow," says Lanty, stirring the punch, while Kitty was holding the doore ready to come—"Anyhow, Kitty," says he, "ye must think no more o' Mike (that's me;) what 'll he do for ye," says he, "down in the bog! Sure his spirrits is but quare stuff; and what's the thrife o' turf he sent?—its most the top cutting, and mighty light." (The lying ould rap!) "Well, go 'long wid ye, Kitty," says he, taking a dhrink; "go 'long to Biddy Fay's, and mind yerself," says he; "sure th' officers do be smoking their cigars upon the bridge, says he, and they're mighty blackguards ather dark. And make haste back, for it's toired I'm getting."

"Well, faith, at last I heard her shut the doore; so I just stepped up, and turned the kay mighty quite, and put my arm round Kitty, and tuck her away towards the harses, and says she, "where ye goan! Can't ye coort me here?" says she; "sure the people do be passing in the lane." Well, with that I catched her up, and away wid me, hot fut, and the crathur squealed. "Ah, can't ye stop?" says she, "I'd die before I'd go wid ye! Sure I thought ye an honest boy, Mike. Be aisy wid me, for the honor o' God; sure I'm young as yit!" But, faith, we put her on the harse, and I held her on before me, and cut out o' that full tare; but divle such a pillalooing as Lanty made out o' the windy ye never heard! Sure we had him safe, for the windy was too small for him; but anyhow he tried it, and stuck fast, half in, half out, and Pat Sheahy stopped wid him a minute to see if he'd aise himself out, but divle a taste. "Let me out o' this!" says Lanty, most choked. "Be quite, Mr. Hickey," says Pat; "don't alarm the town. What would folks say, and see ye stuck in yer own windy! Faith, ye must be swelled with the bad spirrits ye tuck; sure Cronin's sperrits never did that for ye. Bether for ye," says he, "to marry your daughter to an honest boy that does ye no harm," says he, "than an ould spalpeen that blows ye out like a cow in clover. But it's getting late," says Pat, "and I've far to travel; so I wish ye good night, Mr. Hickey. Well, well," says Pat, "sure th' airly boat do be passing up soon after daylight, and they'll think it curious to see ye stuck that way in the wall!"

"Well, faith, he left him, half out and half in, and away wid us to the bog; and I married Kitty with the first convanience, and it's mighty happy we are, barrin the gauger, (that's Oolahan's brother-in-law,) that do be hunting me out for the still. Sure I expect him to-night, and th' army wid him; and faith I lay quite, watching yer honor, for I

thought ye might spake to me unknownst about their coming, for ye talked a dale to yerself.'"—Vol. i., p. 93.

The lieutenant is by-and-by invited to the *home* of Mr. Cronin:—

"To the sportsman's astonishment, the canal was within a hundred yards, cut deep through the bog, some forty feet below the surface, and so completely out of sight that he had not the most distant notion of its proximity: but where the residence of his new friend was remained a mystery. The bog had been cut down in several levels, like steps, to the canal, but, looking up and down along its straight course, no house, or any sign of one, could be discovered. 'Sure, it is n't every one I'd bring to my place,' said my companion, 'let alone the army; for I know yer honor right well; and sure, if ye do come in ye'll see nothing.' On the deep steps or levels of the cutting were a great many heaps of turf piled up, apparently with a view to their convenient shipment in the large turf-boats which carry this admirable fuel even as far as Dublin. Mr. Cronin, after pausing a minute to enjoy the wondering looks his companion cast about in search of the 'place,' commenced removing one of the heaps upon the level about midway between the surface of the bog and the canal. The stack was about five feet high, and as the upper portion was removed there appeared a hole, or door-way, in the perpendicular face of the cutting against which the heap was raised.

"When the passage became practicable, the master beckoned to his guest, and ushered him into a room of fair dimensions, in the centre of which was left standing a column of turf to support the roof, on one side of which was a hole, or window, cut down from the level above, and slightly covered with dry bushes. The walls and floor were perfectly dry and comfortable. There were sundry articles of furniture about the place, several low stools, a small table, and a rude old chest, from which last the owner produced some excellent bread and butter, a bottle of poteen whiskey, and two small glasses

"Suddenly the host started, then listened attentively, and, finally, applying his ear close to the turf-wall, commenced making gestures to remain still. After a time there could be distinctly felt a vibration of the springy ground, and it was evident, from its increase, that a party of many persons was approaching. Suddenly a word or two were spoken in a low voice, and immediately followed by the loud word of command, 'Halt, front: order arms: stand at ease.' The sportsman knew the voice well: it was that of his brother officer, and the party was the detachment to which he himself belonged. Here was a predicament! To issue forth would have been to betray his hospitable entertainer, confiscate his property, and consign him to a prison: to remain hidden in a poteen manufactory, hearing his own men outside, searching, with the revenue officer, for the very place of his concealment, and to be there discovered, would have had an awkward appearance, and, with a fidgety commanding officer, might have subjected him to a court-martial. He knew not what to do; and, as is usual in such cases, did nothing.

"Sometimes the party was moved further on; then back again, past the door; then they halted close in front: but the dry turf left no traces of footmarks, and all their attempts were baffled. Several of the large stacks of turf they removed,

but our particular one escaped from its insignificance; and to have removed all would have been the work of a week. The old officer, a dry, matter-of-fact Englishman, was becoming heartily sick of the adventure. He said something about being made a fool of, which Mr. Cronin doubted, muttering something to the effect that nature had been beforehand with the gauger. 'I shall not allow my men to slave here all night, pulling down and building up stacks of peat after a ten-mile march, and ten miles to return; so fall in, men, and unpile arms. Show us the place, sir, and we'll make the seizure.' (*Inside.*)—'Well done, old boy, stick to that!' As the night advanced, the difficulty of finding the still increased, and at last the gauger was fain to give up the pursuit in despair, and the party was moved off.

"The intruder lost no time in slipping out of his hiding-place, and reached home before the party. Till a late hour that night he was edified with a full and particular account of the adventure; how they had been hoaxed, and dragged over twenty Irish miles to a place where there never was an illicit still—where there never could have been the smallest reason for suspecting the existence of one. 'I looked pretty sharp,' said the old officer, 'and I can see as far into a mill-stone as most people.'

"There was one thing the junior had to complain of, which was, that on several market-days a jar of whiskey was mysteriously left at his quarters; but he laid a trap for the bringer, and at last caught Mike Cronin in the fact, and the harmony of their acquaintance was a little disturbed by his being made to take it away, under a threat of certain pains and penalties. Confound the fellow! he then sent his wife, even Kitty, so that the sportsman was obliged to compromise by accepting a bottle or two, or else shut the gates against all the gray cloaks on a market-day."—Vol i., p. 111.

We regret to say this book does not afford many clerical portraits, and still more that it affords no very agreeable ones. None at all, we think, belong to the period of the maturer officer; and we are very willing to suppose that in his youthful days he listened to exaggerated tales of the priests among his jovial acquaintance of the Orange persuasion. One Episcopal sketch, however, is from his own observation:—

"A Protestant will find it difficult to believe the degree of slavish reverence which is paid by the inferior Irish Catholic clergy to those of high rank in their church. Whether such is the case in other countries I am not in a condition to say, but I was a witness of it in Ireland.

"At the house of a gentleman with whom I was intimate, and who, though a Protestant, was equally respected by all sects and classes, there was staying a Roman Catholic bishop. This gentleman, whom I met more than once, was one of the most agreeable persons I ever encountered; indeed, it is enough to say that he was a well-educated Irish gentleman of the old school, who had resided much abroad. Many of my readers must have had the good fortune to meet such a person, and will at once understand the kind of man he was: his Irish assurance making him a perfect master of all the polite observances of life, his native humor sharpened by collision with the world, his buoyant animal spirits chastened into the happiest tone by a long admixture with the best society, and his thorough good-nature breaking out, as it were, in spite of the

restraints of modern conventionalities. There was no ascetic nonsense about him ; indeed, a pleasanter companion, even on a fast-day, I never met, no downcast looks, half sly, half sheepish, which characterize the Irish priest of these days. Neither had he the blue and congested look which marks their complexions, and which I never see without feeling my benevolence moved to recommend them a prescription, if I thought there would be a chance of their taking it at my hands. My *gaillard* of a bishop had nothing of all this, though I believe him to have been at least as good a man as those who have.

"To wait upon his lordship of course came the whole neighboring clergy, and at their first presentation it was their 'hint' to fall upon their knees and ask his blessing. Young and old, fat and slender, threw themselves on their marrow-bones before their spiritual superior, and humbled themselves in the dust before a man. Is this seemly ? and what greater personal homage can they pay to the Deity ? We certainly bow the knee to kings, but we don't, even to them, prostrate ourselves, in grovelling abasement, as these men did.

"Whether the bishop, a gentleman and a man of the world, did not feel a little ashamed of all this before Protestants, is not for me to say ; but he was uncommonly active in picking them up before they fell, and after a while received them in a separate room."—*Ibid.*, p. 283.

For this death-bed scene of a parish priest the author does not give any authority but that of a Paddy in livery, evidently a relation of Miss Edgeworth's famous letter-writer ; but take it, *valent quantum*. Mr. Kisbey is a doctor of all-work, for whom this Paddy has no respect :—

"'Father Shea was confined to the house, and the master told me to run down to the town and inquire for him, and take him a hare,' "for," says he, "he's fand of hare soup," says he, "and perhaps a drop will do him good." And with that I went, and the door was open, and divle any one in it that I seen ; so I walks into the kitchen, and there was Kit Flynn hating water. So I axed for Miss Biddy, (that's t' housekeeper,) and says Kit, says she, "Sure she's up with the master, and Mr. Kisbey's attending him, and the codjutor's in it. (coadjutor or curate ;) so," says she, "go up, Pat, for he's mighty fand of hare and the sight of it maybe 'll revive him," says she. So with that I goes gently up stairs, and the door was open, and I walks in with a "God save all here !" says I. "You're kindly welcome—come in," says Mr. Ryan, (that's the codjutor ;) "come in," says he, "Mr. Finn ; that's a fine hare you've got," says he, feeling it ; "that will make a great soup," says he, "for our poor friend ; but I'm thinking he's most past it," says he. And with that poor Biddy began to cry again, for I seen that her eyes were red, and it's full of trouble she was, the cratur. And I looked to the bed, and his rivrence was lying, taking no notice at all, but looking mighty flushed, and brathing hard, and Kisbey was mixing some stuff at the table in a tay-cup, and a quare face he made, sure enough. And Biddy could a't stop crying and sobbing fit to break her heart, poor cratur ! and she lifted her apron to her eyes, and faith I seen it's very stout she was. And Kisbey was moving an to the bed, stirring the stuff, and looking hard at the patient.—"Whisht, Biddy," says Kisbey, "you'll disturb his rivrence, and maybe it's not long he'll be spared to you ; sure it's

a smart favor he's got ; but anyhow," says Kisbey, "I think this will do him, for it's a febrifewdge," says he, "and will rouse him in the bowels," says Kisbey ; "and besides, there's a touch of the saline in it," says he, stirring the cup again, and making a face ; "it's my favorite medicine," says he, "in a crisis." "Ochhone !" says poor Biddy, crying out, "what would I do if I lost his rivrence ? Ah, Mr. Kisbey, you see the state I'm in," says she ; "it's a poor case that you can't relave him," says she, "wid your crisis, and he hearty o' Thursday." "Ah, be aisy, Miss Biddy," says the codjutor, stepping up behind her mighty quite, (sure it's him that got the parish after Shea ;) "be aisy, Miss Biddy," says he, laying the heel of his hand upon her shoulther, "be aisy, Miss Biddy," says he, "for, by the blessing o' God, it will all be right wid him. Sure, if human manes can do it," says he, "Mr. Kisbey can do it ; he's a man of skill," says he, "and his practice extensive. So keep up your heart, Biddy," says the codjutor ; "but it's well to be prepared for the worst. We're frail creatures, and life's but a span," says he, drawing her towards him, mighty kind ; "sure I feel for him," says he, "greatly." And while the codjutor was offering the consolation to Miss Biddy, I seen Kisbey houlding his rivrence by the nose, and trying to put the febrifewdge into him ; but divle a taste he'd have of it at all, but kicked and struggled like mad. "Ah ! hould still, Mr. Shea, and take it," says Kisbey ; "it's the cooling draught," says he, "that will aise you. Sure it's mighty pleasant when you get it down," says Kisbey, forcing it an him. Faith, I did not like to see his rivrence treated so rough. "Well, Mr. Finn," says the codjutor, "you'd better go down wid your hare, and give it to Kitty," says he, "for the soup. Maybe my poor friend will like it," says he, "when the draught has aised him." But the divle any aising did Father Shea get, barrin death, for he died that night."—Vol. i., p. 61.

We should be very sorry to indorse Father Shea's exit ; but the gallant author is directly responsible for one death-scene in his book, and we must quote it, for no page therein throws stronger light on life in Ireland :—

"I have seen many executions, civil and military, in various countries, including the beheading of Fieschi and his associates, and I never saw a man come forth to be put to death who did not appear already more dead than alive, excepting one criminal at Naas. He had murdered his wife, and the fact was proved undeniably. He came out with a placid smile and a healthy complexion, and, I fancied, familiarly acknowledged some acquaintances in the crowd. Perhaps he was nerved with the hope of reprieve—an expectation certainly indulged in by the priest who attended him, and whose cold, and as it appeared irreverent praying, extended to full twenty minutes. It was dreadful to see a man stand smiling and nodding on the very brink of the grave, and the more so as again and again he calmly asserted his innocence of the crime for which he was about to suffer, though he admitted that he had been a murderer before. That such examples, I fear, are of little use, may be inferred from the fact of how readily the spectators are moved to joke and laugh at any ludicrous occurrence, even at the most solemn moment. In this case the priest had inadvertently placed himself beside the man upon the drop itself, just previous to the bolt being drawn,



and was there loudly praying. Recalled by some circumstance to a sense of his situation, he jumped nimbly back to the standing grating without pausing in the prayer, and then, holding firmly by the railing, extended his other hand to prevent the prisoner following his example. There was an audible laugh at the priest's agility, in which I have no doubt the man about to be turned off would have joined, if he had not been blindfolded with the nightcap."—Vol. ii., p. 8.

We are now well aware that a Paddy will allow himself to die of sheer starvation, although all the while he has half a dozen gold sovereigns sewed up in his neckerchief. The following detail of some of his idiosyncracies as to the choice and selection of viands, the constancy of his affection for the potato, and his irreclaimable prejudice against articles both more familiar to him and more acceptable to people in general than maize, will no longer therefore excite so much wonder in our readers as the original discovery of the facts did in the enlightened author of "Paddiana." The chapter is entitled "Of the Potato:"—

"Sailing in a little yacht on the south-eastern coast of Ireland, and having with me a young fisherman from Youghal, a sudden north-west gale arose and blew us off the coast. For some hours it was impossible to carry sail at all, so violent were the squalls that came off that iron-bound coast; and there seemed every probability of our bringing up somewhere on the Welsh coast should the gale continue, and our boat weather the short, heavy seas, which rose higher and more dangerous as we left the land. Fortunately towards evening the wind lulled, and we were able, under a close-reefed mainsail, to stagger back towards the coast, shaping our course with many weary tacks for Ardmore Bay, at the rocky, southern side of which we arrived in thick darkness, the black outline of the cliffs being only recognized against the equally black sky by their immovable position amongst the driving clouds. Relying upon the conning of the trusty Mike, we stood into the bay, and finally dropped anchor abreast of the village and under shelter of the cliffs. Of food we had a lump of hard mouldy bread, left forgotten from some former trip; but there was a keg of fresh water, a cooking apparatus, and good store of sea-birds killed before the gale came on.

"To make a fire, skin and prepare the birds for stewing, we busily addressed ourselves. And let not the fastidious reader imagine that such a mess is a mere unpalatable make-shift: sea-birds produce a rich and savory soup, little, if at all, inferior to hare-soup, especially if after skinning they are allowed to soak for some hours in cold water.

"Each time that the lid of our kettle was removed arose a more grateful fragrance from the simmering fluid, till about midnight a supper was ready that an alderman might not have disdained, let alone two hungry men fasting since an early breakfast, and who had been working hard in the wet for nine or ten hours. As president of the mess, I made an equitable division of the fare, and, handing Michael his portion, fell furiously upon the Guillemot soup. Anything more exquisite to my taste on that occasion I never encountered; but, behold! the trusty Mike stirred not, neither did he lift up his spoon. He would not touch it! 'Faith, I never see any one ate them things at all!' But you have nothing

else, man, except that mouldy crust! 'Faith, I would n't ate it at all!' Is it fast-day? 'No!' Come, nonsense! try a puffin—or this cormorant you'll find exceedingly juicy and tender. No? Perhaps you are not hungry? 'Faith, it's meself that is, then. Sorrow bid I had to-day!' Would you like a kettlefull of Connaught lumpers well boiled? 'Be my sowl I would!' (With much energy.) Suffering from the heat with their coats unbuttoned! 'Just so!' But as you have n't got the praties, try a bit of willock! 'Ogh! I would n't taste it at all! I'd be sick!'—So he munched in preference the mouldy bread. But I have to record another peculiarity in the trusty Michael's taste.

"The next morning a boat came off and took us ashore, and we steered at once for the best cabin in the place—bad enough it was, but bearing on the white-washed wall the encouraging hieroglyphic of a bottle and glass, and above the doorway this inscription, contrived ingeniously to fit the space, and reading somewhat like a rude rhyme:—

BEAMISH and CRAWFORD'S PO  
RTER Licensed for SPIRITS and to  
BACCO.

Here the Saxon called for eggs and bacon—it is unnecessary to mention the order of the Celt. But the bacon was not to be procured in the village, and a boy despatched to a house 'convenient' did not return till the Celtic breakfast was heaped upon the board. In vain did the Saxon call upon him to stop—to pause—not to throw away so glorious an appetite upon a peck of tubers—at least to keep a corner for the bacon. But Mike was mounted on an irresistible hobby, and, like the Lady Baussière, he 'rode on.'—Well, hold hard before you go into your second peck—see, here's a rasher ready! 'No!' What! you don't like bacon? 'Faith, I dunnow!' Not know if you like bacon? 'Sure, I never tasted the like!' He had never tasted bacon! He, an Irishman, of the age of twenty—who had been brought up with pigs from earliest infancy whose ears, probably, received a grunt before all other sounds—whose infant head had been pillowed upon living chitterlings, and whose earliest plaything was souse—who had bestridden chines and griskins before he could walk, and toddled through boyhood with petticoats—nay, who could not at the present hour, when at home, put forth hand or foot without touching ham or flitch;—and yet he had never tasted bacon! nor wished to taste it!

"Poor creatures! no wonder we can do nothing for them. What hope is there for a man who, half starved, will yet dine upon a boiled potato—nay, go without even that—rather than try a new dish!—who will sell a young pig weighing ten pounds for ten pence to lay out in potatoes, in preference to eating the pig?"—Vol. ii., p. 124.

If the following fact be new to our author, he will not be sorry to have it. We give it on the most unquestionable authority. When the late "Famine" was at the worst in Connemara, the sea off the coast there teemed with turbot to such an extent that the laziest of fishermen could not help catching them in thousands; but the common people would not touch them, because, we suppose, there were no potatoes to eat with them—for we can hardly imagine that the objection was the more civilized one of lack of lobsters for sauce.

From the potato of the peasant the *major* takes the liberty of passing to a little discourse of what is called among the orators of regimental messes the general question—"and we are not unwilling to be among his listeners:—

"The universal example of the higher ranks throughout Ireland has gone to diffuse a love of sporting and a hatred of work. The younger brother will drag on his shabby life at the family domain, rather than make an effort to be independent by means of a profession; and as for a trade, he would call out the man who suggested such a degradation. The shopkeeper, as much as he can, shuffles out of the business and leaves it to his wife, while he is either indulging his half-tipsy grandeur in the back parlor, or out with the hounds. The farmer, even in harvest-time, will leave the loaded car—throw aside the business of the day—to follow the 'hoont,' if the hounds come in the neighborhood. Even a shooting sportsman is sufficient to attract them: they follow the example set them by their betters, and have had no other.

"Of course they will attend monster meetings, and listen with delight to an orator, who offers to procure them, on the easiest conditions, *JUSTICE FOR IRELAND*—a phrase which, in the minds of the audience, means what each most desires—a good farm, easy rents, dear selling, and cheap buying—and all to be had by repeal! How can they refuse to go heart and hand with a gentleman who promises all this—cracks his joke with a jolly, good-humored face—praises Irish beauty and boasts of the power of Irish limbs—irresistible in cajolery and matchless in abuse—never confuted, or even questioned, except by some 'Gutter Commissioner,' who, if he was not kicked out of the country, deserved to be?

"I am far from presuming to suggest a remedy for Irish disorders; but I am convinced that a stronger power than that afforded by our present laws is required in so desperate a case. To wait till the age of reason dawns upon a people whose besotted ignorance is such that you cannot make them understand what is best for them, or that you are trying to benefit them, is hopeless; who have a native cunning and aptitude to defeat your schemes; who have no sense of independence or shame of beggary; and (which is the worst feature in the case) who are upheld in their opposition to all improvement by those in whom all their confidence is placed, who teach them that England is their great and grinding oppressor, from whom spring all their wrongs and all their misery. This is rung in their ears by all whom they are taught to look up to: their journalists, their poets, their patriots, their priests, have all the same cry—

On our side is virtue and Erin—  
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

This is the never-ending burden of all the speeches and all the writings addressed to the Irish people. It is in vain you feed and clothe them—pay them to make their own roads—drain their own bogs—nay, sow their own land. It is quite sufficient to render the boon distrusted when it is associated with 'the Saxon and guilt!' But still the lesson is, Get all you can—take every advantage—still cry for more—hate the giver, but take the gift—'crum and blaspheme your feeder!'

"Education may do something; but when you have taught them to read, will they be allowed to read? Did anybody ever see an Irish peasant read-

ing in his cabin? and yet education is very general. The great difficulty is to teach them to think. This once attained, they will gradually shake off their 'old men of the sea.' In the mean time, our law-tinkers may meddle with their system of tenure, their poor, and their relation of landlord and tenant—for it will be hard to put them into any position more deplorable than that in which they are now."—Vol. ii., p. 132.

We offer these extracts, and earnestly recommend almost all the rest of this gentleman's *Scraps and Sketches*, as fair materials for the dispassionate public—if any such public there be as respects Ireland. Part of his second volume is occupied with a composition of a different class. It is, in fact, a *Review* of some late "Histories of Ireland,"—among others, of Mr. Moore's; and we think Mr. Moore himself must be startled and amused to see the quiet dexterity with which facts in his book have been set in array against its drift. A man of true genius like him, tasting with such exquisite relish the picturesque of manners as well as of scenery, could not possibly do a history of Ireland so as to meet the wishes of those Milesians who give their fellow-subjects and readers credit for any discourse of reason. He could not, we believe, go over chronicles, and annals, and letters, and despatches, and merely pick out what would serve the purposes of any one party, or faction, or sect whatever:—he must rest on the really salient points, with whatever inferences pregnant—it was not in his nature to tell the story and omit the cream. We do not give him credit for being very much in earnest in his own flourishing commentaries, and, in short, have no doubt he will smile with tolerable complacency over this gentle castigation from one in whose society, peradventure, he will feel that he would be considerably more at home than in any congregation either of old or young Erin. But we shall not meddle with the brother-reviewer—too happy should we have been to adopt (and abridge) the production if he had sent it to us in MS.—as it is, we can only repeat our fraternal recommendation of what all the candid will admit to be, or at least to contain the stuff of, a first-rate article.

Already, it may be thought, we have extracted quite enough of politics from "Paddiana"—let us honestly tell the reason. We do not question that this book will have a run in Great Britain—but we do not believe it will be allowed to get into any circulation at all among the masses of the Irish—whereas, somehow or other, reviews defy, to a certain extent, the sternest and strictest ban whether of the lurking Jesuit—or the brawling priest—or the professional agitator in Dublin. But even this was a secondary motive. We see certain continental journals crammed continually with articles on Irish matters made up of extracts either from whig and radical journals of English birth, or from the tomes of such superficial, dogmatical pedants as M. Beaumont, or such sentimental ninies as the Vicomte d'Arlincourt. Now the editors of these *Bibliothèques Européennes*, *Bibliothèques Universelles*, &c. &c. &c., French, Swiss,

Belgian or German, are, we suspect, in no slight degree directed as to their choice of plunder from the English periodical press by the mere consideration of what will amuse their readers; and therefore we have compounded this paper chiefly in the hope of its attracting their notice, and becoming by their industrious machinery diffused among students who do not materially swell our own or any other English list of subscribers. If we be not disappointed in our anticipations on this score, let us present one humble parting petition to our foreign free-traders. Will they do us the favor not to omit one small specimen more of an elderly and experienced English officer's serious reflections on the affairs of Ireland? *Extremum hunc concede laborem!*—

"To the great majority of us unimaginative Saxons the Irish character is a profound mystery. There is, from high to low, a want of principle amongst them. They spend without thought, and accept without shame: the old spirit of 'coshering' is still strong amongst them, and they are ready to bestow their burdens or their company upon any one who will, under any circumstances, accept the charge. Their sense of right and wrong is different from ours. A man occupying the high post of a legislator will, for factious and selfish purposes, falsify all history to make out a case; and, no doubt, will readily enough abuse any writer who may expose his nefarious practices. The gentleman who fraudulently possessed himself of his noble relative's diamonds, and pawned them, from the moment of detection loudly proclaimed himself an ill-used man—a victim to the narrow prejudices of society—and railed against its laws. The gallant officer who pocketed a valuable article of *bijouterie* belonging to a noble lord, and sold it to a jeweller, is perpetually writing for testimonials of his trustworthiness to people whom he knows to be acquainted with all the circumstances of the case; and there is not a farmer in Ireland who would blush to withhold his seed-wheat and let his land lie fallow, if he thought there was a probability that the government would find him seed and till his land for him. His long-tongued orators know this, and clamor for him; and even English gentlemen will, for factious purposes, join in the cry.

"It may seem harsh to say that kindness and conciliation are thrown away upon the Irish in their present state, unless, indeed, it be accompanied by a pretty strong demonstration of power. Savages, or even half-savages, must feel the strong hand to inspire them with respect. Try the conciliatory system in the East, and not even ready money will get you on. Are the Irish civilized? Are they in a condition to be placed on the same footing as the English? Can a people be called civilized where farm-laborers work under an escort of police? where murderers are fostered, and improving landlords shot? where they harrow by the horses' tails? where ball-proof waistcoats are lucrative articles of manufacture! where they believe in O'Higgins! and up to the present moment have paid an impostor a princely income to disunite them from their only friend! In truth, when we reflect upon the scrapes which this brave, good-humored, generous, and nose-led people have been brought into in all ages by their kings, their chiefs, their priests, and their patriots, we are astonished to read in Holinshed that 'There is no Irish terme for a knave.'"

—Vol. ii., p. 266.

We suppose after what we said at the beginning it is entirely needless for us to explain that in this very clever man's diatribes he has not the slightest intention of casting any disparagement on the virtues which, no less than powerful understanding and captivating manners, characterize in our time the great majority of the Irish gentry. He is as far above pandering to the narrow prejudices of the English bigot as of the Irish fanatic. He regards the questions at issue from an imperial, which is the same thing as to say from a philanthropic, point of view.

We ought to mention that we had not read until our paper was done a small volume just published with the title of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago." If we had, we should have excepted it from our general criticism on works lately produced about Irish manners. The author has collected with diligence, and put together in a very agreeable style, a world of most striking and picturesque incidents and characters of the period immediately preceding the Union. Eminently amusing as he is, we see not the least trace of Barringtonian romance about his chapters. As to his *preface*, he is an Irishman, though a highly cultivated one—therefore we may be pardoned for doubting whether he has not rather over-estimated the progress actually made by his countrymen, within these sixty years, towards habits of order and industry. But that they have made great progress, notwithstanding all the, as we believe, just and true pictures in "Paddiana," there can be no doubt; and most earnestly do we concur in his hope and prayer that the progress may advance henceforth with ever increasing rapidity.

#### THE DYING CHILD.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—TRANSLATED BY  
MARY HOWITT.

MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;

Let me repose upon thy bosom seek:

But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,

Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.

Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;

But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;

I see the angel-children smiling gladly,

When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and, listen.

Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?

See how his white wings beautifully glisten!

Surely those wings were given him by our Lord!

Green, gold and red are floating all around me;

They are the flowers the angel scattereth.

Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?

Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?

Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?

Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:

I will, dear mother, will be always thine!

Do not sigh thus—it marreth my repose;

And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!

Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;

—Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

*Howitt's Journal.*



## A MORMON CONVENTICLE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

PASSING up Merrimack-street, the other day, my attention was arrested by a loud earnest voice, apparently engaged in preaching, or rather "holding forth," in the second story of the building opposite. I was in the mood to welcome anything of a novel character, and following the sound, I passed up a flight of steps leading to a long, narrow and somewhat shabby room, dignified by the appellation of Classic hall.

Seating myself, I looked about me. There were from fifty to one hundred persons in the audience, in which nearly all classes of this heterogeneous community seemed pretty fairly represented, all listening with more or less attention to the speaker.

He was a young man with dark enthusiastic complexion, black eyes and hair; with his collar thrown back, and his coat cuffs turned over, revealing a somewhat undue quantity of "fine linen," bending over his coarse board pulpit, and gesticulating with the vehemence of Hamlet's player, "tearing his passion to rags." A band of mourning crape, fluttering with the spasmodic action of his left arm, and an allusion to "our late beloved brother JOSEPH SMITH," sufficiently indicated the sect of the speaker. He was a *Mormon*—a saint of the latter days.

His theme was the power of faith. Although evidently unlearned and innocent enough of dealing in such "abominable matters as a verb or a noun, which no Christian ear can endure," to have satisfied Jack Cade himself, there was a straight-forward vehemence and intense earnestness in his manner, which at once disarmed my criticism. He spoke of Adam, in Paradise, as the lord of this lower world—"For," said he, "water could n't drown him, fire could n't burn him, cold could n't freeze him—nothing could harm him, for he had all the elements under his feet. And what, my hearers, was the secret of this power? His faith in God: that was it. Well, the devil wanted this power. He behaved in a mean, *ungentlemanly* way, and deceived Eve, and lied to her, he did. And so Adam lost his faith. And all this power over the elements that Adam had, the devil got, and has it now. He is the prince and power of the air, consequently, he is master of the elements and lord of this world. He has filled it with unbelief, and robbed man of his birthright, and will do so until the hour of the power of darkness is ended, and the mighty angel comes down with the chain in his hand to bind the old serpent and dragon."

Another speaker, a stout black-browed "son of thunder," gave an interesting account of his experience. He had been one of the apostles of the Mormon Evangel, and had visited Europe. He went in faith. He had "but three cents in his pocket" when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, and they would not receive him; they pronounced him "damned already." He was reduced to great poverty and

hunger: alone in a strange land; with no one to bid him welcome. He was on the very verge of starvation. "Then," said he, "I knelt down and I prayed in earnest faith, 'Lord, give me this day my daily bread.' O, I tell ye, I *prayed with a good appetite*; and I rose up, and was moved to go to a house at hand. I knocked at the door, and when the owner came, I said to him, 'I am a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, from America. I am starving—will you give me some food?' 'Why, bless you, yes,' said the man, 'sit down and eat as much as you please.' And I did sit down at his table, blessed be God: but my hearers, he was not a professor; he was not a Christian, but one of Robert Owen's infidels. The Lord reward him for his kindness."

In listening to these modern prophets, I discovered, as I think, the great secret of their success in making converts. They speak to a common feeling; they minister to a universal want. They contrast strongly the miraculous power of the gospel in the apostolic time with the present state of our nominal Christianity. They ask for the signs of divine power; the faith, overcoming all things, which opened the prison doors of the apostles, gave them power over the elements, which rebuked disease and death itself, and made visible to all the presence of the living God. They ask for any declaration in the Scriptures that this miraculous power of faith was to be confined to the first confessors of Christianity. They speak a language of hope and promise to weak, weary hearts, tossed and troubled, who have wandered from sect to sect, seeking in vain for the primal manifestations of the divine power.

In speaking of Mormonism as a delusion, I refer more particularly to the apocryphal book of Mormon. That the great majority of the "Latter Day Saints" are honest and sincere fanatics, I have no reason to doubt. They have made great sacrifices and endured severe and protracted persecution for their faith. The reports circulated against them by their unprincipled enemies in the west are in the main destitute of foundation. I place no dependence upon charges made against them by the ruffian mob of the Mississippi valley, and the reckless slave-drivers, who, at the point of the bayonet and bowie-knife, expelled them from Missouri, and signalized their Christian crusade against unbelievers by murdering old men, and violating their innocent wives and daughters. It is natural that the wrong-doers should hate those whom they have so foully injured.

The Prophet himself, the master-spirit of this extraordinary religious movement is no more. He died by the hands of wicked and barbarous men, a martyr—unwilling doubtless, but still a martyr—of his faith. For after all, Joe Smith could not have been wholly insincere. Or, if so in the outset, it is more than probable that his extraordinary success, his wonderful power over the minds of men, caused him to seem a miracle and a marvel to himself; and, like Mohammed and Napoleon, to consider himself a chosen instrument of the eternal power.

In the "Narrative of an Eye-witness of the Mormon Massacre," published in a Western paper, I was a good deal impressed by the writer's account of the departure of the prophet from "the holy city" to deliver himself up to the state authorities at Warsaw. It was well understood, that in so doing, he was about to subject himself to extreme hazard. The whole country round about was swarming with armed men, eager to imbrue their hands in his blood. The city was in a fearful state of alarm and excitement. The great Nauvoo legion, with its two thousand strong of armed fanatics, was drawn up in the principal square. A word from the prophet would have converted that dark silent mass into desperate and unsparing defenders of their leader, and the holy places of their faith. Mounted on his favorite black horse, he rode through the glittering files, and with words of cheer and encouragement, exhorted them to obey the laws of the state, and give their enemies no excuse for persecution and outrage. "Well," said he, as he left them, "they are good boys, if I never see them again." Taking leave of his family, and his more intimate friends, he turned his horse, and rode up in front of the great temple, as if to take a final look at the proudest trophy of his power. After contemplating it for a while in silence, he put spurs to his horse, in company with his brother, who, it will be recollected, shared his fate in the prison, dashed away towards Warsaw, and the prairie horizon shut down between him and the city of the saints for the last time.

Once in the world's history we were to have a Yankee prophet, and we have had him in Joe Smith. For good or for evil, he has left his track on the great pathway of life; or, to use the words of Horne, "knocked out for himself a window in the wall of the nineteenth century," whence his rude, bold, good-humored face will peer out upon the generations to come. But the prophet has not trusted his fame merely to the keeping of the spiritual. He has incorporated himself with the enduring stone of the great Nauvoo temple, which, when completed, will be the most splendid and imposing architectural monument in the new world. With its huge walls of hewn stone—its thirty gigantic pillars, loftier than those of Baalbec—their massive caps carved into the likeness of enormous human faces, themselves resting upon crescent moons, with a giant profile of a face within the curve—it stands upon the highest elevation of the most beautiful city site of the west, overlooking the "Father of Waters;"—a temple unique and wonderful as the faith of its builder, embodying in its singular and mysterious architecture, the Titan idea of the Pyramids, and the solemn and awe-inspiring thought which speaks from the Gothic piles of the middle ages.—*Howitt's Journal*.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavater*.

From Howitt's Journal.

#### OLD-FASHIONED IRISH COURTING.

In the south of Ireland an "Abduction Club" was established, the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions, and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed-up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits, and opulent farmers as well as the gentry were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life.

The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland, called "squireens." They were the younger sons or connections of respectable families, having little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorned to demean themselves by any *useful* or profitable pursuit. They are described by Arthur Young and other writers of the day, as distinguished in fairs and markets, races and assizes, by appearing in red waistcoats, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leather breeches and top boots, riding "a bit of blood," lent or given them from the stables of their opulent connections.

The glory of carrying off an heiress in triumph from his competitors seems at first to have been the ruling motive, until opposition or failure excited worse passions. The author gives the following instance of atrocious outrage:—

"Catherine and Ann Kennedy were the daughters of Richard Kennedy, of Rathmeadau, in the county of Waterford: their father was dead, and they lived with their mother in much respectability; and they were each entitled to a fortune, under their father's will, of £2000, a large sum, at that time, as a girl's portion, in Ireland; but even that was exaggerated, and they were looked upon as co-heiresses of immense wealth, and as such were objects of great cupidity to the abduction clubs. The fortunate persons to whose lot they fell were Garrett Byrne, of Ballyann, in the county of Galway, and James Strange, (pronounced Strang,) of Ullard, in the county of Kilkenny. They were young men of great popularity in the country, dissipated, dashing, careless, spirited fellows, but of different dispositions. Strange was irritable, impetuous, and tyrannical, sacrificing everything to accomplish his ends, and little regarding the means or feelings of others. Byrne, on the contrary, was amiable, and, as far as his pursuits and propensities permitted, of kind and gentle temper, particularly to women, with whom he was a universal favorite. He had attached himself to Catherine Kennedy, whose disposition was somewhat like and congenial to his own. Strange had fixed his regards upon Anne, who, in like manner, resembled him in determination and haughtiness of temper.

"In the intercourse of the country, they had

occasionally met at race-balls and other convivial meetings, and the men had endeavored to render themselves agreeable to the girls; with such success, that it was reported, on the authority of their confidential maids, that they were actually invited by them to avail themselves of the first opportunity to carry them off, as there were no hopes that their mother and friends would consent to their marrying men of such desperate fortunes.

"While this intercourse was going on, Catherine was but fifteen, and her sister but fourteen. They were both very lovely girls, but Anne was most distinguished, and her form and face gave promise of something eminently beautiful.

"On the 14th of April, 1779, the girls accompanied their mother, aunt, and some friends, to a play enacted at Graignamanna, a small town in the county of Kilkenny; and before the representation was concluded, a notice was conveyed to them that Byrne and Strange had formed a plan to carry them off that night from the play, and had assembled a number of adherents around the house for the purpose. In great alarm, the girls, with their mother and aunt, left the theatre, and retired to another room in the same house, accompanied by several gentlemen, their friends, who resolved to protect them. They bolted and barricaded the door, and remained for two hours without any attempt being made on the room. At length a violent rush was felt at it, the door gave way, and the party outside entered. There was a bed in the room, and the girls hastily retired behind the curtains, and endeavoring to conceal themselves, and impress on the minds of the rioters that they had escaped from the apartment, and were no longer in the house. For an hour or more the men seemed irresolute, and used no violence; but at the end of that time they rushed to the bed, and drew the girls from their concealment. They now displayed arms of all kinds, swords and pistols, with which they were provided, and in spite of all the opposition of the girls' friends, whom they fiercely attacked and threatened with instant death, they dragged them into the street, where they were surrounded by about an hundred armed men, with shirts covering their clothes, by way of disguise, the then common costume, in which originated the name of 'White-boys.'

"Two horses were ready saddled. Catherine was first to mount one, and placed before Byrne, and Anne was placed upon the other before Strange; in this way, surrounded by a desperate body of men, sufficient to intimidate and overawe the country, they were carried off from their friends. To allay the terrors of the girls, it was proposed to send for other females who would be their companions. They received the proposal with joy: and they were speedily joined by some women, who proved, however, to be sisters and near relatives of the abductors, and prepared and in readiness to promote their criminal views. They rode all night, surrounded by a strong, armed guard of Whiteboys, to a place called Kilmashane, fifteen Irish miles from Graignamanna. During the journey they were repeatedly solicited to consent to marry the men, and threatened that if they did not, they should be carried to a distant country, where they never should see either mother or friends again. The women who had joined the party urged the same thing, and threatened, if they persisted in their refusal, to abandon them, and leave them to whatever treatment the men chose to give them. In this place they obtained some refreshment, and contin-

ued for a considerable time, subject to the constant importunity of the party. At length a man was introduced, who was reported to be a priest, before whom Byrne and Strange took a solemn oath that they would harass them night and day by riding through the country with them, till they should be exhausted with fatigue and suffering; but if they consented then to be married by the priest, they should be immediately restored to their friends. At length, terrified and subdued, they became passive, and a short form of ceremony was read, and an extorted assent was given.

"They then claimed the promise to be immediately restored to their friends, but it was evaded till night came on. The girls refused to retire to rest till solemnly assured by the females that one should sleep with each of them; they, however, abandoned them at midnight, and the men took their places. From this house, which appeared to be a waste place, and belonging to no master, they again were set on horseback as before, and, accompanied by their lawless patrol, they rode on to Borris, where they passed the next night. The exhausted girls entreated to be allowed to sleep with the females, but this was refused.

"After various wanderings, by riding night and day with a whole cavalcade of armed ruffians, they were brought to the house of another priest, who undertook to persuade them to submit to their fate, and be reconciled and obedient to their husbands. They still persisted in their remonstrances against the violence offered to them, when it was threatened to carry them to Castlecomer, and bury them there forever in the coal-mines; and Strange, in a paroxysm of anger, struck Anne in the face with a pewter pot. This brutal violence sunk deep into her mind, and rankled with an inextinguishable resentment never to be forgotten.

"It will hardly be believed that for *five weeks* they were paraded, night and day, accompanied by their lawless cavalcade, and resting at miserable houses, through the counties of Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, and so on to the north of Dublin, where they stopped at Rush, a small fishing town, within a few miles of the metropolis. In this place they were put on board a vessel, accompanied by the whole party, and sailed to the town of Wicklow; here, with a perfect feeling of indifference and security, some of the party went on shore; but while they were absent, the vessel was boarded by a Mr. Power, accompanied by an armed party, who rescued the harassed girls, and restored them to their friends. In the mean time, Byrne and Strange made their escape to Wales; but they were instantly pursued, and were apprehended at Milford, on the 6th of July, and lodged in the jail at Carnarvon. It was long doubtful whether they would not claim the girls as their wives; and a belief was entertained that no prosecution would ensue. Catherine was said to be strongly attached to Byrne, who had always treated her with gentleness and affection, except in the manner of her abduction; but Anne's animosity to Strange was irreconcilable, and the brutal indignity of the blow was only to be effaced by his death. Though so young—a mere child—her energetic resentment overcame the reluctance of her elder, but more yielding sister; her resolution was confirmed by a near relation of her own, distinguished by the number of duels he had fought—a Mr. Hayes. It was by his unshaken determination that the men were brought to trial. The joint depositions of the girls were taken before the Lord Chief Justice Annaly, and Byrne



and Strange were tried at the Kilkenny Lent assizes, on the 24th of March, 1780. Letters were produced from the young ladies, containing the most tender expressions of affection, and inviting their respective lovers to carry them off, in the way usual in the country, to which they were ready and willing to consent. These letters, however, were clearly proved to be forgeries by the sister of Byrne, who was heard to boast she could perfectly copy Miss Anne Kennedy's hand-writing. Others were read, really written by the girls, speaking of the men in an affectionate manner, and calling them their dear husbands; but these were proved to have been dictated under the strong impression of threats and terror. The men were found guilty and sentenced to death.

"It was supposed the sentence would never be executed. Their respectable rank in society—connected with all the gentry of the country—their actual marriage with the girls, and the frequency of the act of abduction, that caused such a marriage to be considered a thing divested of all criminality, created a strong feeling in their favor. The intercession of powerful friends, including amongst others the minister from the court of Vienna, was earnestly urged in their behalf. But Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, was then attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution. He openly declared in court, that if this abduction was suffered to pass with impunity, there would be no safety for any girl, and no protection for the domestic peace and happiness of any family; and he called upon the government to carry out the sentence. His remonstrance was attended to, and the unfortunate gentlemen were hanged, to the great astonishment of their numerous friends and admirers. So strong and general was the excitement among the peasantry, that a rescue was greatly feared, and an extraordinary large force of horse and foot was ordered to attend their execution; and such was the deep sympathy for their fate, that all the shops were shut up, and all business suspended, in Kilkenny and the neighboring towns.

"The subsequent fate of the girls was melancholy. Whenever they appeared in the towns of Waterford, Kilkenny, or the vicinity, they were assailed by hissing and hooting of the mob, who followed them with execration through the streets. They both had a pension from government, settled on them as a remuneration for their sufferings and their conviction of felons. This the common people considered as the price of blood, and could not conceal their abhorrence whenever they were seen. They were, however, respectably married. The eldest, Catherine, married a gentleman named Sullivan; but even he could not escape the superstitious credulity of the country. He was a worthy, but weak man, and fancied himself haunted by the spectre of Byrne, frequently shouting out at night, when waking from a frightful dream, and declaring that he stood before him. He always kept a light burning in his room, as a protection against this apparition. His handsome wife fell in flesh, and preserved but little of that comeliness which attracted her lover; and she sought, it was said, the indulgence of smoking to drown reflection! The fate of Anne was more severe. She fulfilled the promise of her youth, and became a dignified and magnificent beauty. She was married to a gentleman named Kelly. Her married state was miserable, and she died an object of great commiseration—sunk, it was said, in want and degradation. The common people declared her fate a judgment, and continued to execrate her

whilst living, and her memory when dead. The very act of a man hazarding his life to carry her off, was deemed a noble act, her prosecution a base return, and her misfortunes nothing but the vengeance of Heaven visibly visited upon her."

Another awful catastrophe of this kind occurred in a different part of Ireland, about the same period, which is perhaps one of the most interesting and melancholy on record. John McNaghtan, a native of Derry, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, after a series of extravagances and the loss of his wife, paid court to a Miss Knox, who had a large fortune, independent of her father; and as she was too young to marry, he obtained a promise from her to become his bride in two years. Her father was opposed to it, and he was interdicted the house.

"One day the lovers found themselves alone, with no companion but a little boy, when McNaghtan took from his pocket a prayer-book, and read himself the marriage ceremony, prevailing on Miss Knox to answer the responses, which she did, adding to each, 'Provided my father consents.' Of this ceremony McNaghtan immediately availed himself; and when he next met her at the house of a friend, openly claimed her as his wife. Again he was forbidden the house by the indignant father. He then published an advertisement in all the newspapers, declaring the young lady was married to him. By a process, however, in the spiritual court, the pretended marriage was entirely set aside.

"To detach his daughter from this unfortunate connection, Mr. Knox resolved to leave the country, and introduce her to the society of the metropolis; and in the beginning of November, 1761, prepared to set out for Dublin. McNaghtan and a party of his friends having information of his intention, repaired to a cabin a little distance from the road, with a sackful of fire-arms. From hence one of the party was despatched to the house of an old woman who lived by the way-side, under the pretence of buying some yarn, to wait for the coming up of Mr. Knox's carriage. When it did arrive, the woman pointed it out, named the travellers it contained, and described the position in which they sat. They were Mr. Knox, his wife, his daughter, and a maid-servant. It was attended by but one servant, and the smith before mentioned. The scout immediately ran before, and communicated to McNaghtan the information he had received. The carriage was instantly surrounded by him and three other men. McNaghtan and one of his accomplices fired at the smith, whom they did not kill, but totally disabled. The blinds of the carriage were now close drawn, that the persons inside might not be recognized. McNaghtan rode up to it, and either by accident or design, discharged a heavily-loaded blunderbuss into it at random. A shriek was heard inside. The blind was let down, and Mr. Knox discharged his pistol at the assassin. At the same moment another was fired from behind a stack of turf, by the servant, who had concealed himself there. Both shots took effect in the body of McNaghtan. He was, however, held on his horse by his associates, who rode off with him. The carriage was then examined. Miss Knox was found dead, weltering in her blood. On the first alarm, she had thrown her arms about her father's neck, to protect him, and so received the contents of the murderer's fire-arms. Five balls of the blunderbuss had entered her body, leaving

the other three persons in the carriage with her unhurt and untouched by this random shot.

"The country was soon alarmed, and a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers. A company of light horse scoured the district, and amongst other places were led to search the house of a farmer named Wenslow. The family denied all knowledge of McNaghtan, and the party were leaving the house, when the corporal said to one of his companions, in the hearing of a countryman who was digging potatoes, that the discoverer would be entitled to a reward of three hundred pounds. The countryman immediately pointed to hay-loft, and the corporal running up a ladder, burst open the door, and discovered McNaghtan lying in the hay. Notwithstanding his miserable wounded state, he made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately taken and lodged in Lifford gaol. Some of his accomplices were arrested soon after. They were tried before a special commission at Lifford, and one of them was received as king's evidence. McNaghtan was brought into court wrapped in a blanket, and laid on a table in the dock, not being able to support himself in any other position. Notwithstanding acute pain and exceeding debility, he defended himself with astonishing energy and acuteness. A singular trait of Irish feeling occurred in the course of the trial. One of his followers, implicated in the outrage, named Dunlap, was a faithful and attached fellow, and his master evinced more anxiety to save his life than his own. As a means of doing so, he disclaimed all knowledge of his person.

"Oh, master, dear," said the poor fellow beside him in the dock, "is this the way you are going to disown me after all!"

"On the day of execution, McNaghtan was so weak as to be supported in the arms of attendants. He evinced the last testimony of his regard to the unfortunate young lady he had murdered, of whom he was passionately fond, and whom he mourned as his wife. The cap which covered his face was bound with black; his jacket was trimmed with black, having black jet buttons, with large black buckles in his shoes. When lifted up the ladder, he exerted all his remaining strength to throw himself off, and with such force that the rope broke, and he fell gasping to the ground. As he was a man of daring enterprise and profuse bounty, he was highly popular, and the crowd made a lane for him to escape, and attempted to assist him. He declined their aid, and declared he would not live; he called to his follower, Dunlap, for the rope which was round his neck, the knot of which was slipped and placed round his own. Again he was assisted up the ladder, and collecting all his energies, he flung himself off, and died without a struggle. His unfortunate but faithful follower stood by, wringing his hands as he witnessed the sufferings of his dear master, and earnestly desired that his own execution might be hastened, that he might soon follow him, and die by the same rope.

"The circumstances and character of the parties in this affair rendered it one of the deepest interest. The young lady was but fifteen, gentle, accomplished, and beautiful, greatly attached to the unhappy man, devotedly fond of her father, and with the strongest sense of rectitude and propriety, entangled in an unfortunate engagement from simplicity and inexperience. The gentleman was thirty-eight; a man of the most engaging person, and a model of manly beauty. His manners were soft, gentle, and insinuating, and his disposition naturally

generous and humane; but when roused by strong resentment, his passions were most fierce and uncontrollable. His efforts on his trial were not to preserve his life, which became a burden to him after the loss of her he loved, but to save from a like fate a faithful follower, and to exculpate his own memory from a charge of intended cruelty and deliberate murder."

## THE RED SHOES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—TRANSLATED BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

THERE was once a little girl who was very pretty and delicate, but in summer she was forced to run about with bare feet, she was so poor, and in winter wear large wooden shoes, which made her little insteps quite red, and that looked so dangerous!

In the middle of the village lived old Mother Shoemaker; she sat and sewed together, as well as she could, a little pair of shoes out of old red strips of cloth; they were very clumsy, but it was a kind thought. They were meant for the little girl. The little girl was called Karen.

On the very day her mother was buried, Karen received the red shoes, and wore them for the first time. They were certainly not intended for mourning, but she had no others, and with stockingless feet she followed the poor straw coffin in them.

Suddenly a large old carriage drove up, and a large old lady sat in it: she looked at the little girl, felt compassion for her, and then said to the clergyman,

"Here, give me the little girl; I will adopt her!"

And Karen believed all this happened on account of the red shoes, but the old lady thought they were horrible, and they were burnt. But Karen herself was cleanly and nicely dressed; she must learn to read, and sew; and people said she was a nice little thing, but the looking-glass said: "Thou art more than nice—thou art beautiful!"

Now the queen once travelled through the land, and she had her little daughter with her. And this little daughter was a princess, and people streamed to the castle, and Karen was there also, and the little princess stood in her fine white dress, in a window, and let herself be stared at; she had neither a train nor a golden crown, but splendid red morocco shoes. They were certainly far handsomer than those Mother Shoemaker had made for little Karen. Nothing in the world can be compared with red shoes.

Now Karen was old enough to be confirmed; she had new clothes, and was to have new shoes also. The rich shoemaker in the city took the measure of her little foot. This took place at his house; in his room where stood large glass cases, filled with elegant shoes and brilliant boots. All this looked charming, but the old lady could not see well, and so had no pleasure in them. In the midst of the shoes stood a pair of red ones, just like those the princess had worn. How beautiful they were! The shoemaker said also they had been made for the child of a count, but had not fitted.

"That must be patent leather," said the old lady, "they shine so!"

"Yes, they shine!" said Karen; and they fitted, and were bought; but the old lady knew nothing about their being red, else she would never have allowed Karen to have gone in red shoes to be confirmed. Yet such was the case.

Everybody looked at her feet; and when she

stepped through the chancel-door on the church pavement, it seemed to her as if the old figures on the tombs, those portraits of old preachers and preachers' wives, with stiff ruffs, and long black dresses, fixed their eyes on her red shoes. And she thought only of them as the clergyman laid his hand upon her head, and spoke of the holy baptism, of the covenant with God, and how she should be now a matured Christian; and the organ pealed so solemnly, the sweet children's voices sang, and the old music directors sang; but Karen only thought of her red shoes.

In the afternoon, the old lady heard from every one that the shoes had been red, and she said that it was very wrong of Karen, that it was not at all becoming, and that in future Karen should only go in black shoes to church, even when she should be older.

The next Sunday there was the sacrament, and Karen looked at the black shoes, looked at the red ones—looked at them again, and put on the red shoes.

The sun shone gloriously; Karen and the old lady walked along the path through the corn; it was rather dusty there.

At the church-door stood an old soldier with a crutch, and with a wonderfully long beard, which was more red than white, and he bowed to the ground, and asked the old lady whether he might dust her shoes. And Karen stretched out her little foot.

"See! what beautiful dancing-shoes!" said the soldier; "sit firm when you dance;" and he put his hand out towards the soles.

And the old lady gave the old soldier an alms, and went into the church with Karen.

And all the people in the church looked at Karen's red shoes, and all the pictures, and as Karen knelt before the altar, and raised the cup to her lips, she only thought of the red shoes, and they seemed to swim in it; and she forgot to sing her psalm, and she forgot to pray, "Our Father in heaven!"

Now all the people went out of church, and the old lady got into her carriage. Karen raised her foot to get in after her, when the old soldier said,

"Look, what beautiful dancing-shoes!"

And Karen could not help dancing a step or two, and when she began, her legs continued to dance; it was just as though the shoes had power over them. She danced round the church corner, she could not leave off; the coachman was obliged to run after and catch hold of her, and he lifted her in the carriage, but her feet continued to dance so that she trod on the old lady dreadfully. At length she took the shoes off, and then her legs had peace.

The shoes were placed in a closet at home, but Karen could not avoid looking at them.

Now the old lady was sick, and it was said she could not recover! She must be nursed and waited upon, and there was no one whose duty it was so much as Karen's. But there was a great ball in the city, to which Karen was invited. She looked at the old lady, who could not recover, she looked at the red shoes, and she thought there could be no sin in it;—she put on the red shoes, she might do that also, she thought. But then she went to the ball and began to dance.

When she wanted to dance to the right, the shoes would dance to the left; and when she wanted to dance up the room, the shoes danced back again, down the steps, into the street, and out of the city gate. She danced, and was forced to dance straight out into the gloomy wood.

Then it was suddenly light up among the trees, and she fancied it must be the moon, for there was a face; but it was the old soldier with the red beard; he sat there, nodded his head, and said, "Look, what beautiful dancing-shoes!"

Then she was terrified, and wanted to fling off the red shoes, but they clung fast; and she pulled down her stockings, but the shoes seemed to have grown to her feet. And she danced, and must dance, over fields and meadows, in rain and sunshine, by night and day; but at night it was the most fearful.

She danced over the churchyard, but the dead did not dance—they had something better to do than to dance. She wished to seat herself on a poor man's grave, where the bitter tansy grew; but for her there was neither peace nor rest; and when she danced towards the open church door, she saw an angel standing there. He wore long, white garments; he had wings which reached from his shoulders to the earth; his countenance was severe and grave; and in his hand he held a sword, broad and glittering.

"Dance shalt thou!" said he—"dance in thy red shoes till thou art pale and cold! till thy skin shrivels up, and thou art a skeleton! Dance shalt thou from door to door, and where proud, vain children dwell, thou shalt knock, that they may hear thee and tremble. Dance shalt thou ———!"

"Mercy!" cried Karen. But she did not hear the angel's reply, for the shoes carried her through the gate into the fields, across roads and bridges, and she must keep ever dancing.

One morning she danced past a door which she well knew. Within sounded a psalm; a coffin, decked with flowers, was borne forth. Then she knew that the old lady was dead, and felt that she was abandoned by all, and condemned by the angel of God.

She danced, and she was forced to dance through the gloomy night. The shoes carried her over stack and stone; she was torn till she bled; she danced over the heath till she came to a little house. Here, she knew, dwelt the executioner; and she tapped with her fingers at the window, and said, "Come out! come out! I cannot come in, for I am forced to dance!"

And the executioner said, "Thou dost not know who I am, I fancy! I strike bad people's heads off; and I hear that my axe rings!"

"Don't strike my head off!" said Karen; "then I can't repent of my sins! But strike off my feet in the red shoes!"

And then she confessed her entire sin, and the executioner struck off her feet with the red shoes, but the shoes danced away with the little feet across the field into the deep wood.

And he carved out little wooden feet for her, and crutches, taught her the psalm criminals always sing; and she kissed the hand which had wielded the axe, and went over the heath.

"Now I have suffered enough for the red shoes!" said she; "now I will go into the church, that people may see me!" And she hastened towards the church door: but when she neared it, the red shoes danced before her, and she was terrified, and turned round.

The whole week she was unhappy, and wept many bitter tears; but when Sunday returned, she said, "Well, now I have suffered and struggled enough! I really believe I am as good as many a one who sits in the church, and holds her head so high!"

And away she went, boldly; but she had not got



further than the churchyard gate before she saw the red shoes dancing before her; and she was frightened, and turned back, and repented of her sin from her heart.

And she went to the parsonage, and begged that they would take her into service; she would be very industrious, she said, and would do everything she could; she did not care about the wages, only she wished to have a home, and be with good people. And the clergyman's wife was sorry for her, and took her into service; and she was industrious and thoughtful. She sat still and listened when the clergyman read the Bible in the evenings. All the children thought a deal of her; but when they spoke of dress, and grandeur, and beauty, she shook her head.

The following Sunday, when the family was going to church, they asked her whether she would not go with them; but she glanced sorrowfully, with tears in her eyes, at her crutches. The family went to hear the word of God; but she went alone into her little chamber; there was only room for a bed and chair to stand in it; and here she sat down with her prayer-book; and whilst she read with a pious mind, the wind bore the strains of the organ towards her, and she raised her tearful countenance, and said, "O God, help me!"

And the sun shone so clearly! and straight before her stood the angel of God in white garments, the same she had seen that night at the church door; but he no longer carried the sharp sword, but in its stead a splendid green spray, full of roses. And he touched the ceiling with the spray, and the ceiling rose so high, and where he had touched it there gleamed a golden star. And he touched the walls, and they widened out, and she saw the organ which was playing; she saw the old pictures of the preachers and the preachers' wives. The congregation sat in cushioned seats, and sang out of their prayer-books. For the church itself had come to the poor girl in her narrow chamber, or else she had come into the church. She sat in the pew with the clergyman's family, and when they had ended the psalm and looked up, they nodded and said, "It is right that thou art come!"

"It was through mercy!" she said.

And the organ pealed, and the children's voices in the choir sounded so sweet and soft! The clear sunshine streamed so warmly through the window into the pew where Karen sat! Her heart was so full of sunshine, peace, and joy, that it broke. Her soul flew on the sunshine to God, and there no one asked after the RED SHOES.—*Howitt's Journal*.

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#### DUELLING IN AMERICA.

RAPIDLY declining as the bad custom of duelling is, its disuse is likely to be much accelerated by the examples presented in America, which prove that it pertains incomparably more to barbarism than to civilization; and that instead of serving to check ruffianly outrages, it may be made subsidiary to them, crowning wanton, brutal insolence with murder. We quote a remarkable instance in point from a New Orleans paper:

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had seen some forty within a short distance of China,) Lieutenant Munford declared that the story, in his opinion, needed confirmation, and that he did not believe a syllable of it; and then made remarks of a character so insulting, that, in the opinion of one of the three officers making this statement, Lieutenant Mahan was compelled to demand satisfaction or resign his commission and retire from the regiment, as unfit for the association of his brother officers.

"Lieutenant Mahan immediately sought the assistance of Captain Bankhead as his friend in the affair, but was advised of the stringent laws on the subject, and told that if he could procure another friend Captain Bankhead wished not to act. Mahan said he could get no other, and begged the advice of Captain Bankhead, promising to abide by it. He was then advised to pursue the course adopted by Pleasants and Ritchie—with this exception, that to avoid implicating any but himself, he should say to Munford that he would be at a designated spot at six o'clock, P. M., armed with side arms. To this he assented; but on meeting Munford at two o'clock, instead of repeating what he was advised to say, he merely informed Munford that, after the insult he had received, he was compelled to demand satisfaction, and that he wished to hear from him in half an hour.

"He then repaired to the quarters of Captain Bankhead, who, on hearing of what he had done, refused to have anything more to do with the affair; but was interrupted by the entrance of Munford, who told Mahan that although he did not consider him in any respect a gentleman or a man of honor, he would not deny him any satisfaction he wanted. This was said in language so outrageous, that Mahan was about to resent it on the spot, but was prevented; and the arrangement was then made that they should meet about half a mile west of China, armed as they saw proper, and accompanied by Captain Young, as surgeon, Captain Bankhead, and Lieutenant T. S. Garnett, as mutual friends, Lieutenant Munford intimating that he should carry with him a musket.

"Upon arriving at the field, strenuous but unavailing efforts were made by the seconds and Captain Young to induce Munford to retract his abusive language. His reply was, that he was 'compelled to fight; that it was now too late; as Mahan had come out to fight, he should fight; that he would not hurt him much.' Repeated efforts to postpone the affair till the next morning were equally fruitless.

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"We give in the words of the statement itself the account of the fight, and the position assumed by the gentlemen who 'assisted' at it:—

"All friends now left the ground, and the two antagonists were left facing each other, about sixty yards apart. They paused for an instant, watching each other's motions, when both advanced about three or four paces, halted, and aimed; they recovered their arms, however, and again moved up still closer, halted when about thirty-five paces of each other, aimed, and both fired. The result is known to the public. Munford was struck with eight buckshots, and died the next night. Mahan received a slug in his chest, and a ball in his left axilla, which

stepped through the chancel-door on the church pavement, it seemed to her as if the old figures on the tombs, those portraits of old preachers and preachers' wives, with stiff ruffs, and long black dresses, fixed their eyes on her red shoes. And she thought only of them as the clergyman laid his hand upon her head, and spoke of the holy baptism, of the covenant with God, and how she should be now a matured Christian; and the organ pealed so solemnly, the sweet children's voices sang, and the old music directors sang; but Karen only thought of her red shoes.

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"Munford then took his position, accompanied by Lieutenant Garnett, and Captain Bankhead returned to Mahan and informed him of the unsuccessful termination of his mission, and that no alternative was now left but to try to save his own life by killing his adversary.

"We give in the words of the statement itself the account of the fight, and the position assumed by the gentlemen who 'assisted' at it:—

"All friends now left the ground, and the two antagonists were left facing each other, about sixty yards apart. They paused for an instant, watching each other's motions, when both advanced about three or four paces, halted, and aimed; they recovered their arms, however, and again moved up still closer, halted when about thirty-five paces of each other, aimed, and both fired. The result is known to the public. Munford was struck with eight buckshots, and died the next night. Mahan received a slug in his chest, and a ball in his left axilla, which



came out left of the spinal column, from which he died on the 1st of June.'

"Our every effort was made to prevent the fight, by inducing Munford to retract the language he had used, and failing in this, to postpone the fight until the next morning. In both of these efforts we failed, and in no way could the fight have been prevented but by reporting the difficulty to the commanding officer, or arresting them ourselves. We were surely bound to do neither; in fact, it would have been a gross violation of confidence on the part of either of us to mention the probability even of their meeting to a brother officer, and the custom of the service would have condemned us for adopting any other course than the one we pursued, and the universal opinion of the whole column, that the fight was inevitable, shows conclusively the truth of our assertion.

"In conclusion, we have been pained to learn that some there are who censure us for the part we acted. To those we can only say that if, after reading the foregoing, they cannot and will not be satisfied—especially when they remember that we are attached to a corps noted for its chivalry and high tone of honor—we shall then be compelled to consider ourselves aggrieved, our motives wilfully misunderstood, and our conduct maligned."

"The *Commercial* thus comments upon this act under the code of honor:—

"A beautiful exemplification of this code, and of its practical working, is presented in the narrative of the three gentlemen who "assisted" (in the French meaning) at the mutual butchery of Lieutenants Mahan and Munford, in Mexico. We notice the matter only to point out and condemn the extraordinary excuse put forward by the three gentlemen for allowing the butchery to go on. They admit that they might have prevented it, either by arresting the principals, which, as officers of superior rank, they had the power to do, or by communicating the fact of the impending duel to the commander of the station. But this they would not do, because, as they say, the corps is "noted for its chivalry and its high tone of honor," and "the custom of the service would have condemned them."

"It is very clear, from their own history of the matter, that Lieutenant Munford was either a madman or a blood-thirsty ruffian, bent upon losing his own life, and taking that of his antagonist. If the former, the duty of parties cognizant was to arrest him, and turn him over to the care of the hospital surgeon, who should have treated him with ice to his head and depleting applications. If the latter, he should have been seized and confined to the guard-house. In either case it is perfectly apparent that no high sense of honor, no "chivalry," no rule of gentlemanly intercourse, could sanction the line of conduct adopted by the three gentlemen in making themselves parties to a transaction so barbarous and brutal. The law of the duello may possibly, on some occasions, have the useful functions claimed for it by advocates, of repressing ruffianism, but certainly it can never do this when its application is made to carry out the purposes of the most unredeemed ruffianism it is possible to conceive."

Nothing can be juster than the concluding remarks. The character of the corps for chivalry and a high tone of honor (what corps has not such character?) should have made it more easy for members of it to draw the line of distinction be-

tween the requisitions of true honor and the spurious—high courage and a ruffianly barbarism.

The plea of the accessories that they could not prevent the duel, nor even obtain a postponement, shows how ill they understood the offices they had undertaken. The principals in such affairs should be passive instruments, with no other functions than to pull triggers at word of command.

It is commonly remarked that a quarrel never comes to a duel if the seconds are men of sense, who know what they are about. And this fact is really the strongest condemnation of duelling, the duel when it occurs being the result of misconduct on the part of the managers of the dispute. It may be safely asserted that if there were no blunders and bunglers in the place of seconds, there would be no duels; so that the duel is not referable to the point of honor, but to some error or stupidity in the management of the affair.

If good sense in the seconds prevents recourse to the pistol, do not let us be told that honor can in any case require it; for it cannot be a requirement of honor, but of a misunderstanding and mismanagement of the requirements of honor!

And if, as generally admitted, the duels that take place are the consequence of mismanagement on the part of the friends, how indefensible is so serious an issue, proceeding from no real necessity, but altogether from error in the managing parties!

What a scandal to an age of civilization, that A and B should shoot each other because C and D did not know what they were about, and had not the sense necessary to the adjustment of an affair of honor! As the good sense and tact for the right management of such matters cannot be secured, and the penalty in default is pistolling, the disuse of the custom is what reason and humanity require.

From the *Louisville Examiner*.

WE copy the following from the *Raleigh Register*, of North Carolina:—

"We regret to learn that Henry F. Harris, Esq., a member of the last Legislature, from Pitt county, was killed in a duel, on Friday morning last, at the Half-way House, on the Dismal Swamp Canal, a short distance within the Virginia side of the line, by E. C. Yellowly, Esq., of the same county."

Mr. Harris was an impetuous, ill-disciplined, passionate man. He was the whig representative last year, from his district. Mr. Yellowly, who is amiable, yet resolute, opposed his nomination. Harris was returned by only fifteen majority, when the party could have given him hundreds. Stung by the smallness of the return, he said, after the poll was over, to Yellowly—

"You damned scoundrel, you are the cause of this. If you had not opposed my nomination, I should have had the usual majority."

"I opposed your nomination," replied Yellowly, "as I had a right to do, but I supported you at the ballot-box."

Thereupon Harris struck him—they clinched, and were separated. Many supposed this would end the matter. But Harris retired to the room, armed himself with a double-barreled gun, pursued Yellowly, swearing he would shoot him the first place he met him. The citizens here interfered, and bound both parties to keep the peace for twelve months.

But though the letter of the law was kept, its spirit was violated. Every day, and often by moonlight, Harris was out practising, until he had perfected himself. When the year had expired, the parties met, and the aggressor fell! He died by the hand of his brother, in the midst of his long-engendered and bitter hate! He died, his last endeavor being to rob that brother of his life! The dead sleep; the survivor, living, though innocent as the duellist ever can be, will mourn the blood he shed, and know peace never more.

Is it not strange that man should resort to so savage and barbarous a practice? Is it not a marvel that he should deliberately inflict a double murder—first upon his adversary, and, second, a more terrible one upon himself. And for what? An insult—breath hastily or hotly poured out. This, *honor* says, must be atoned for, and the price is blood—human blood—the life God has given, and which none but God has the right to take. Honor! There is not a step taken, from the first conception to the last act of the duel—not a line penned—not an arrangement made—which is not marked by dishonor, by meanness, by a species of trick and management which, elsewhere, and under any other circumstances, would be scouted as contemptible, and scorned as base, by all just-minded men.

Trace the history of a duel.

A challenge passes. What is the first step which follows, as a general rule? That the parties put themselves under immediate training. They get the best pistols. Friends go out with them; they take a sappling as a mark; they fire at that until they can hit it easily—until they are considered “a good or sure shot.” The opponents do not meet each other in the glow of passion, or ere the blood has cooled, and settle their differences at once. The crack of the pistol is not the immediate consequence of the insult offered, or the injury done. But *deliberately* they go to work, and work hard and constantly, until they can rim a young tree no bigger round than a man’s thumb. When this is accomplished, they have taken the first step.

The next is, to accustom the nerves to the shock of firing. A man may fire well when he is shooting alone! But the crack of a gun, shot by another, may so startle him, as to drive him wide of the mark. To this crack he must be thoroughly accustomed. The first step is, consequently, to use *cork balls* in the practice. The ground is measured; mock seconds are put in proper places; a mock opponent stands opposite; the word is given; and they fire. This is kept up for days. It is kept up until the cool observer, or the expe-

rienced trainer, and the parties themselves, *know* that the eye and ear are familiarly accustomed to every movement which will be made on the field of blood.

But as this bracing the nerves is an all-important matter, another course of training is resorted to, if the parties waver at all. Indeed, it is rarely omitted by regular duellists. Four or five friends stand round the parties; some before, some back, some in front of him; as the word is given—are you ready—prepare—fire—they all blaze away, and generally before he shoots. This is continued until the parties can aim as well amid the confusion and noise as if they were alone. Sometimes, when fears are entertained that the nerves of the parties are not steady, muskets, or heavily charged guns are fired in their faces—and fired until they are entirely unconcerned and firm. The physical man is thus trained to meet the emergency, trained to blunt—to deaden his sensibilities—so that he may more surely take the life of another, and save his own!

When *thus* prepared, the parties meet. And now comes an opportunity for the display of cunning and trick.

First; there is a good deal in *choice of position*. The sun may affect the sight at one point; a tree may be near, so as to give line to the pistol; the ground may be slightly rising, and if so, the uppermost will be apt to overshoot—these, and twenty other important or material advantages are to be examined into by seconds, and turned to the best account by their principals.

Second; there is as much in giving the word. A principal gets accustomed to his second’s voice—its pauses—the length of them—and knows, after long practice, exactly what to do. For instance: one second is slow, another fast; or one begins deliberately, and quickens as he goes on; if the party gets his own second, he has an advantage equal sometimes to half, and, at others, to a full count. This any one may readily perceive by pronouncing the usual command,—Are you ready?—prepare—fire! One, two, three—in different tones, and with slower or quicker movement.

Third; there is a good deal in the dress. Every object, such as a button, or breast-pin, or anything which makes a contrast, is carefully removed. The usual dress for the duellist is a *large, light morning wrapper*, made as near the color of the earth as may be. This is starched. Thus, the adversary cannot fix his sight upon a particular spot, and, as it bags out, he is liable to mistake the true position of the body. And then the parties are drilled to put the body in as small a compass as possible, so as to guard the vital parts as far as it can be done.

If neither party is hurt, after firing, they make up, and have a laugh over it. If one falls, the other escapes, as if he *knew* he had done a felon deed.

This is a brief outline of this *honorable* practice! The reader has, in the details given, more or less true of all southern duelling—a picture of the

course which *honorable* men pursue in endeavoring to slay each other! Could anything, in itself, be more degrading or contemptible? Is there any practice, we ask again, more richly deserving the ridicule and scorn of all brave men? It is a map of human weakness and meanness—an insult to every manly feeling and religious principle, and should be hooted out of civilized society, as the foul and irreligious blot of a rude and barbarous age.

As further evidence that a duel ought not to be called an "affair of honor," we copy some remarks of the Times upon a late French trial for perjury.

The Paris papers, which we have just received, bring us the report of the trial and the sentence of the now notorious Beauvallon. We need not remind our readers that this man escaped a capital conviction on the charge of murder, and that on the recent trial of his accomplice for the perjury by which such impunity had been secured, he rendered himself again amenable to the law by returning with abundant interest the false swearing which had been so serviceable to himself. Nearly two months have elapsed since this occurrence, and it having been ascertained in the interval, by the preliminary inquiry which in France supersedes the forms of our grand juries, that a sufficient case existed for the prosecution, the prisoner on Friday last was brought to the bar of the Court of Assize to plead to the charge against him. We must beg of our readers to observe the methods by which, in France, a person moving in distinguished literary society, and professing to correct and inform public opinion, endeavors to exempt himself from an inculpation alleging that he had been swearing and suborning false oaths in order to shield himself from the penalties of murder. We will not trouble ourselves to pronounce an opinion as to the truth or falsehood of the circumstances on which the defence is based—we simply pray our readers to remark—what on either supposition may be most plainly inferred—the ideas which must be generally current in a society before which such pleas as these are confidently urged by one very competent to select those which promised best for his reputation and his release.

The original charge against Beauvallon was to the effect that he had laid a plot for involving a troublesome rival in a duel; that he had taken a treacherous and deliberate advantage of his inexperienced adversary, in every particular, and that he had at last coolly and circumspectly shot him through the brain with a pistol, of which he knew the exact capabilities, and which he had brought hot to the field from that very morning's practice. On this charge he was acquitted by the evidence of his second, D'Ecqueville, who swore that Beauvallon had never seen the pistols before. For this evidence D'Ecqueville was tried as a perjurer in August last, and after endeavoring to clear himself by challenging the witnesses against him, and asserting that his family was ranked among the *noblesse* of Franche Comte in the 17th

century, was righteously consigned to infamy for the remainder of his life. This judgment, therefore, decided that the guilty foreknowledge of the weapons had been duly proved. But, as Beauvallon on this occasion swore to the contrary on behalf of his friend, even as his friend on a former occasion had so sworn on behalf of him, he himself now became liable to a similar charge, and the same evidence which convicted the second is consequently brought forward to convict his principal upon the self-same count. In due succession, therefore, the several witnesses appeared to prove that Beauvallon had risen early in the morning to practise at the target, that he had called to inform persons of his intentions, that he had deliberately gone through the exercise in the garden of his second while his doomed victim was shivering in the snow, and that the instrument was actually found black and smoking, from the discharge, by the surgeon in attendance. To all this Beauvallon replies simply by a contradiction, which carries, of course, the usual weight of such affirmations from the mouth of such culprits. His grand defence rests upon the demolition of the evidence tendered by M. Meynard, which was mainly instrumental in bringing the affair again before the public, and which originated these two trials of the second and his principal. The attack which is to destroy M. Meynard's credit and restore Beauvallon's character is conducted as follows:

Beauvallon alleges that Meynard's entire testimony is the invention of falsehood and the suggestion of spite, arising from the fact that the latter had been defeated by himself in a competition for the good graces of a certain lady. In corroboration of this assertion, and as witnesses to his own character, he adduces the only matter which, beyond his own reiterations, he has hitherto employed in the shape of proof throughout the trial. He produces in court, with apparent reluctance, the private letters said to be addressed by this very lady to himself, immediately after that flight to Spain by which he had eluded the fine imposed on him by law for the support of his victim's widow. So singularly do these effusions insinuate facts in favor of Beauvallon—his compulsory participation in the duel—his distraction even after so blameless and inevitable a homicide—and, as if by prophecy, the persecution to which malice and envy would subsequently expose him—that a suspicion as to the pen from which they really proceeded could not possibly be repressed. "Was not this letter written for your own defence?" asked the president of the delinquent, observing that it had neither post-mark nor other proof of authenticity. The prisoner's advocate adroitly demurred to such a question, which the reader will perhaps answer for himself after perusing half a dozen lines. "Believe me," says the writer, "it is not necessary to have done people harm to be detested by them; it is sufficient to be superior to them in every respect. Do you believe, for example, that you will ever be forgiven your success in the world, your position at the head of a widely cir-



culated journal, your books so much applauded, and those honorable decorations which you have attained at the age of twenty-four! Listen!—I tell you that in less than three months you will pass—you, so good, so upright—you, softness incarnate—for a bully, with a hard heart and a pitiless hand." But, the true force of the whole allegation will not be felt till the reader arrives at the intimation that this lady, who administers consolation, who deprecates treachery, who cheers the spirit and confirms the piety of the exile, who so rejoices at the intelligence that he is improving his "fine qualities" by the example of a Spanish ministry, and his mind by the libraries of the Escorial, whose confidential devotion is exposed, and whose second-hand praises are repeated in order that the latent virtue of her beloved correspondent may be made known to the world—is the wife of another man!

That high sense of honor which murderers and adulterers never lose in France precludes, of course, the disclosure of the lady's name, and M. Beauvallon throws himself with confidence on the delicacy of his countrymen in relying upon the unattested letters of an anonymous adulteress for establishing his unsullied innocence and clearing his clouded fame. We hope so bright an appreciation of himself, and so just a calculation of his audience, as is shown by his selection of such a mouth-piece to proclaim his merits, will not be lost in this country. That they were not made without a little encouragement may be gathered from the following fact. M. Granier de Cassagnac, whose name figures with most equivocal credit in this nefarious murder, who is the brother-in-law of the assassin, and the owner of the famous pistols which were lent for the deed—who, at the late trial, endeavored to intimidate the witnesses by challenging a dangerous deponent in the witness-room, and whose conduct was rebuked in open court by the president, has so far retained the favor and confidence of his former gossips in high office that he has recently been despatched on a government mission to Rome, there to represent in some sort the French nation, and advance French interests at that pivot of Christian politics. With such countenance to his friends and party, how hard it was of the Court of Assize to sentence M. Beauvallon to eight years' imprisonment!

From the Times, 20th Oct.

#### POVERTY OF ENGLAND.

SORRY are we to say it, but the truth must be spoken—the country is poor. To say that it wants money or credit will not convey a very overwhelming idea of the helplessness to some of our readers. So we will repeat that England is actually poor in the grossest and most tangible sense. The country has till just now been miserably destitute of food. That deficiency is hardly supplied, and in supplying it so far we have both to part with our gold, and put ourselves in debt to the world. This is being poor

in a very plain sense. Again, we are unusually short in the materials of manufacture, and consequently in those manufactured commodities where-with we have hitherto purchased what we wanted from our neighbors. Now, there is no theorizing no currency-spinning, in these simple facts; they are perfectly intelligible in the case of one person, and are equally so in the case of the nation. There are people, indeed, who appear to imagine that while poverty in the case of an individual is a very solid affair, national poverty is a sentimental abstraction which an argument or a word can demolish. There is, however, no difference between them, except that the aggregate poverty is the worst and most incurable of the two.

The effects of the dearth have been seriously aggravated by the humanity of the nation. Besides the natural rise in the prices of food, a fact alone sufficient to run us into debt, we felt it our duty to feed for many months several millions in Ireland. This cost us £10,000,000, of which £8,000,000 were to be borrowed. Here is the case of a man who, being poor already, and stinted in his household, is further impoverished by his poor relations. It is the act of one who divides his last loaf with the beggar.

The deputation of the Liverpool merchants and bankers, coming from the second port in the empire, and that now involved in the most serious disasters, has no ordinary claim to our sympathy and respect. We feel for these gentlemen as we do for too many others who with a great game in their hands suddenly find themselves obliged to give it up; and, with a capital enough to leave an ultimate surplus, are ruined for want of an immediately available fraction of their means. They ask for an advance on the credit of the country. We have long foreseen the day when British merchants and manufacturers would have to follow the example set by Irish railway directors. The one demand is as just as the other; and there can be no doubt that the balance of utility is in favor of regular and reproductive employments over the rude, tedious, and perhaps unprofitable works of the railway.

We pointed this out last April, when Sir Charles Wood brought up again his loan to Irish railways; adding, that there were many of our own manufacturers and merchants who stood in far more need of money than the Irish speculators; while the respective conditions of the two peoples would soon present the very same claims. The conclusion we came to on that most disagreeable and discreditable subject applies to this instance. Any advance on the credit of the nation, any boon which government can bestow, cannot possibly be an addition to the capital of the country. It can only be a rearrangement—a violent disturbance of the natural order, for the sake of a few favored persons or classes. In fact, the nation is poor. All are poor. All must bear it as they can. The weaker must be left to that fate from which it is, unfortunately, impossible to save them without throwing their burden on some other, perhaps equally unable to bear it. The aid given to one class starves another. That Irish railways may be finished, English railways must be suspended. The Irish South-Western goes on. Even the English North-Western is brought to a stand-still. We only trust that we shall not soon find that the population of Lancashire must die, that Galway and Tipperary may be fed.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF A CORRESPONDENT AT PARIS, DATED 1 NOV., 1847.

THE Americans in Paris naturally exulted in the victories of the Mexican capital. It is better for the American cause in Europe that such fighting should have occurred than that the Mexicans should have tamely capitulated. The London Times and the Morning Chronicle represented the result as a defeat for the American forces and objects. It would seem, said the Chronicle, that the Yankees were well "drubbed" this time. The unremitting rancor of this *whig* organ, and of the semi-radical *Sun*, can be easily explained. The Times, though regularly supplied with venomous matter by the *Genevise Traveller*, its correspondent at New York, is still behind these two journals in virulence and sardonic malice. All the Paris editors inserted the details from Mexico, acknowledged the success of Scott, and anticipated an immediate peace. The *Débats* alone confined itself to mere narrative. La Revue des Deux Mondes, issued yesterday, treats of the Mexican war at some length, admits the superiority of the American arms, and represents as hopeless or absurd any further struggle on the side of the Mexicans. But it expresses apprehension that the American generals will become too popular at home, and introduce a military spirit and habit of rule; and that the admission of the "foreign races" into the Union might deteriorate the old republican stock and institutions.

Those who have learnt from direct authoritative sources how *Paredes* was occupied in this capital, can affirm with confidence that his return to Mexico was concerted with the French and British cabinets, and that they probably furnished the means. They divide and hold a distinct or adverse course in European cases wherein they have an obvious common interest, but are ready to coalesce on every occasion that favors antagonism to American arms and efforts.

The official report of the French revenue (public) for the nine months of the present year wears a better aspect than that of the British. Accordingly, the Journal des Débats of this day congratulates France, and extols the treasury management. Nevertheless, financial affairs here, though much less unprosperous and ominous than on the other side of the channel, are difficult and dismal enough. It has been necessary for the government to attempt the greater part of the loan, although the juncture could scarcely be less eligible. I refer to the authorized loan of three hundred and fifty millions of francs.

The elections in Portugal are in favor of the old despotic party, the *Cabralists*, who provoked the recent insurrection. Their success is ascribed to corruption. The Portuguese government borrows at fifteen per cent. a month, upon the credit of the customs' revenue. The interest (nearly four millions of dollars) on the antecedent national debt, has not been paid since October last. The funds

which were assigned to the purpose were employed to combat the insurrection, which the British and French cabinets admitted to be warrantable, while they effectually aided the government. It is affirmed that the French treasury is in arrears to many public functionaries and public undertakings, and that the new loan must be at seventy-six or seventy-five, with an interest of five and a half per cent. altogether.

We hear of Russian failures and embarrassments from the British connection. The Paris *National* earnestly warns France against too intimate business relations with Great Britain—"a country always overtrading, and in a critical intricacy of finances and schemes." Much British capital was thrown into France for the railroads and various joint-stock companies; but the greater part is withdrawn. The British visitors and residents in this kingdom yield it an enormous sum—a sum which alone renders *peace* a primary concern. French stocks of every description are now low; in case of a political convulsion at the death of Louis Philippe, they would fall at once nearly a half—to forty. This the most intelligent bankers concede, at the same time that they suppose a revolution to be exceedingly improbable. A cool and disinterested observer must, however, entertain fears; and, if an American, think that funds had better be in American stocks or hands than here so placed as to be exposed to the risks. All the great bankers of Paris, *la haute finance*, are deeply involved in stocks of every description.

The Legitimist journals and writers continue to pay homage and profess fealty to the Duke of Bordeaux, whom they style "the supreme dignity of France"—"the most exalted representative of legitimate monarchy." They are sure of a secret compact between M. Guizot and Prince Metternich to keep watch over the duke and detect the communications and plans between him and his loyal adherents in France. The legitimists are well organized in both the capital and the provinces, and their journals have able editors and contributors. One of them remarks, "France seems always to be on the brink of an abyss, but does not perish"—a situation by no means enviable.

The French government has despatched eminent physicians to reconnoitre the cholera in the regions of the Danube. Alarm is sounded already in Paris, and the press abounds in precautions more or less seriously urged. The government has commissioned, likewise, six doctors of high professional merit to the East, to study and strive to prevent the plague in its chief theatres. Alexandria, Beyrout, Constantinople, Cairo, are among the places of their sojourn.

Sad complaints arrive of the state of business at Algiers; failures have been numerous. No bank aid is afforded. The Duke d'Aumale is installed as governor-general of Algeria, in vice-regal state; he means to expend in his establishment at least a million of francs per annum. Abd-el-Kader still

lives and moves in the kingdom of Morocco, more formidable, it is added, to the emperor thereof than to the rulers of Algeria. We cannot know his real situation.

The *Journal des Débats* is intent on a maritime canal through the Isthmus of Suez. It has given several long editorial articles to the subject. The advantages and important results for many nations are skilfully exhibited. Thirty millions of francs (six of dollars) are stated as the maximum of the cost of a canal. Stephan Effendi, the intelligent representative here of Mehemet Ali, says that his master will execute the work, with the aid of the French, Italian, and German engineers, who have repaired to Egypt for the survey and process.

Nothing more dramatic, and, sometimes, nothing more pleasant, than the vicissitudes of affairs at the court of Madrid. You look all the while for the Spanish *nation*, and cannot see it in the government action and history. Christina has again become the sovereign in fact, with Narvaez as her prime prop and minister. It is whispered that the real cause of the mission of Narvaez to Madrid, and her speedy expedition, was symptoms of pregnancy, which rendered the earliest possible seeming reconciliation between Isabel and Don Francisco indispensable on several accounts. Scandal has found too much certain material since their rupture, although this solution of recent and sudden events may be incorrect—mere guess-work.

The Neapolitan government seems to have nearly crushed the insurrection in Calabria. Sicily was soon reduced to temporary quiet. The movements in the south of the peninsula are unfortunately those of banditti, whom the patriots use as auxiliaries, and who destroy the dignity, credit, and real momentum of their cause. It is not with such instruments that the *parthenopean republic* can be firmly erected. But the pope's liberalism has not been without its effect in Naples, as well as the rest of Italy. The *Journal des Débats* of the 27th October says: "Everybody in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies admits that important reforms in the administration are indispensable. The government itself appears quite disposed to enter on the road so gloriously opened by Pius IX." You will see that even the little free state of San Marino, steadfast to its institutions for so many centuries, has been excited to an essential organic change. The senate, heretofore composed of the patrician order alone, has been abolished for a house of representatives chosen by universal suffrage.

Louis Philippe attained his seventy-fourth year on the 6th of October. His health and activity seem unimpaired. He manifests the same qualities of mind and habits of life; talks freely about everything; calls Lord Palmerston a *brouillon* (mis-chief-maker); wonders that the English are so

angry with him about the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with the Spanish princess, seeing that he had refused the crown of Belgium for his second son, the hand of Isabel for the third, and in other instances proved his moderation or abstinence with regard to his dynasty. He protests that he has no idea of interfering in Mexican affairs;—we might believe him if he added, not further than coöperating in the establishment of a monarchy, if by any possibility it can be done. Louis Philippe is a thorough *royalist*, not by station and dynastic interest alone, but by persuasion and passion; for France, he naturally and excusably confounds republicanism with anarchy, war, and another vicious circle to be run for half a century.

The *Journal des Débats* and the *Constitutionnel* are the highest authorities touching events and probabilities in Switzerland. The former (of this day—the 1st of November) says, "We received late last evening news which confirms our most dismal anticipations. The Swiss diet has voted finally and fully for the execution of its decrees against the *Sonderbund*—the Catholic league; the deputies or representatives of the league have quitted Berne, the seat of the diet. Hostilities are to be commenced in a few days. We do not warrant this intelligence as certain, but we have reason to think it so." The Berne correspondent of the *Constitutionnel* tells, under date 28th October—8 in the evening—"The conference between the committee of the *Sonderbund* and that of the diet has utterly miscarried. The deputies of the league asked the reestablishment of the convents of Muri and of Wettingen, and promised to *send away the Jesuits on the 1st of January, 1849.*" The *Débats* evidently wishes for hostilities; it virtually counsels the *Sonderbund* to begin. The *National* (republican organ) betrays the same wish for a civil war:—each hopes the triumph of the cause which it advocates. The radical party consists of twelve and two half cantons, some of which have a number of Catholic citizens, very little disposed to fight their co-religionists anywhere; the diet has called out fifty thousand troops, and can, it is said, command beyond thirty thousand more. Twenty thousand form the whole force of the seven cantons of the *Sonderbund*, whose aggregate population is not more than a fifth of the Helvetic people. Imagine, in a country of about the same number of inhabitants as the state of New York, an array of upwards of a hundred thousand soldiers, to cut each other's throats, devastate their own soil, and exhaust their means of national strength and independence. It is an insane, execrable conflict—so monstrous that incredulity yet prevails here. The judgment of Europe is likely to be severer on the diet than the league.



From the Spectator, 30 Oct.

## THE BANK AND THE PANIC.

MINISTERS have shown themselves a "squeezeable" ministry—have yielded to the importunity of embarrassed speculators and frightened traders. They are *not* "to keep steady the standards of credit," according to our reading of their simple duty, but instead thereof, are "to attempt, by some extraordinary and temporary measure, to restore confidence to the mercantile and manufacturing community." The "extraordinary" measure is a recommendation to the Bank of England to enlarge their discounts and advances; "if this course *should* lead to any infringement of the existing law," ministers will propose a bill of indemnity when the parliament meets; for the moneys lent they instruct the bank to charge a high rate of interest—naming eight per cent. as the lowest; and they claim for the public "any extra profit" to be derived from the extension.

This interference of government with the independent action of the bank is a startling departure from the position of *laissez-faire* in which ministers appeared to be resolutely intrenched when they received the late deputation from Liverpool. What had happened, between Tuesday the 19th and Monday the 25th, to account for the change? Mercantile and money matters remained unaltered; or if any symptom of alteration appeared, it was for the better rather than otherwise. But two events had occurred, which, as they immediately preceded the new course adopted by the government, have been supposed to stand in some influential relation to it. A deputation of city bankers—an important section of the premier's London constituents—had an interview with Lord John on Saturday; on the same day, his chancellor of the exchequer was in lengthened consultation with Sir Robert Peel. Other influences might be imagined. It is possible that the ministers have no definite perception of the nature of the crisis—no confidence in the position they had taken up, or in their powers of maintaining it. Perhaps they fear the play of parties and interests in parliament: the protectionists, for instance, would gladly seize upon "*Peel's* bank charter act" as a stock in trade; and the formidable railway phalanx in the new house of commons might join them in the onslaught, for the sake of "cheap money." Many whig partisans, and possibly some of the whig ministers, would be willing enough to discredit the existing law, merely to discredit its ostensible author. Or, superior to fear, and to all spiteful and selfish promptings, our good ministers, sorely beset and greatly concerned, may have been moved exclusively by the benevolent desire to be *doing something* to help.

The direct amount of the help offered is limited by the conditions. The nation's resources are not increased; the debts and obligations of traders and speculators are not diminished. Government takes no responsibility upon itself, but merely "recommends" to the bank. The bank alone is responsible, as before; and exercises its powers subject to a penalty of forfeiture, which the directors will be slow to risk—a minister's promise to apply for an "indemnity" not being quite so safe a warrant as the actual law. The minimum rate of interest—eight per cent.—is higher than the profits of honest business can afford, or than prudent traders will pay. Gamblers may pay it, or any rate, to buy them another chance in the wheel of fortune; spec-

ulators, pressed by immediate calls for money, may pay it, rather than part with property at a heavier loss; mercantile men in desperate circumstances may pay it, to postpone the abhorred day of final stoppage. So far as the measure is effectual in these respects, it might be termed a measure to promote gambling, prop unsound trade, and prevent prices from reaching the level required for healthy commerce. Some, however, admire it rather as a clever trick—a kind of legerdemain—of no substance or real worth in itself, but possessing the wonderful secret of inspiring "confidence." This is the stock exchange measure of value: accordingly, up went the funds, and some nice percentages might be cleared in the first days of the week, by those who were content to sell, on a moderate profit, at the "turn of the market." But "fairy gifts" are of a fleeting nature: there have been downs as well as ups on 'change since Monday—all is unsteady, uncertain; and for solid commercial purposes, the artificial "confidence" is likely to be as limited and "temporary" as the "extraordinary measure."

The indirect and future bearings of the measure are far more extensive. The money act of 1844 is repealed by anticipation. The endless currency question is once more set adrift on a troubled sea. The men of Birmingham will again raise their heads; for the Anti-gold League there is hope. Our finance ministers, no doubt, profess unshaken allegiance to "the law which has placed the currency of this country upon a sound basis," and so forth: but their own journals tell another tale, and treat these euphuisms with provoking plainness. One of them, indeed, went a step too far on Wednesday, when it styled the curious composition signed "John Russell" and "Charles Wood"—first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer—"the order in council suspending the bank charter act of 1844." But that denoted foregone conclusions. When the bank charter act is overhauled, will the bank itself escape a radical reconstruction? We think not.

Great changes are on the cards. Troubles gather around us. The political lull is nearly over. A time of keen contest approaches. One of the unforeseen effects of this week's surrender may be to weaken the whig cabinet in the ensuing session, both for necessary action, and for resistance to attempts which they *must* resist.

We subjoin, from the commentaries of the metropolitan daily newspapers, specimens of the manner in which this announcement was received. It will be observed that the writers of all parties, however differing in their views otherwise, concur in regarding the bank charter act of 1844 as abandoned.

*Times*—"The ministerial measure is a remedy for a temporary panic, not for a real, a permanent, and an increasing pressure. If this be little more than a panic—if confidence is all that is wanted—if hoarding is to be discouraged, employment set free, and enterprise invited—if also those objects were not attainable in any other way, then, undoubtedly, government has done the right thing. This supposition has, however, but slender foundation. It rests only on a hopeful and too confiding temperament. There is a panic, it is true, and just now a very wild and ridiculous panic, driving men to foolish and cowardly proceedings. But there is also an actual pressure—a pressure which has been gradually increasing for more than a twelvemonth, which, under existing circumstances, is likely to in-

crease, and which may very possibly soon be aggravated to any conceivable degree by events quite within the scope of possibility, not to say more. The fact of the pressure thus far is a matter of history, and cannot be denied. The question is—will it last! and how long! We answer—Yes; because the causes are still in operation. It is almost forbidden to speak of railways, potatoes, and cotton, to ears polite. We mention them not for the sake of the past, but just to remind people of two important facts; first, that through the vast increase of our imports, and diminution of our exports, we are at this moment rather deep in the books of the foreigner; secondly, that imports are likely to continue very great, and exports are certain to remain very low. This condition of affairs can only lead to one possible result—the same as that which would infallibly happen to the journeyman who should go on importing into his tenement meat, drink, and clothing, to the value of thirty shillings a week, all the time only exporting work to no greater amount than twenty-five shillings. His capital, if he had any, would suffer a continual drain. Such is the drain before us.

“A reference to the past—the merest glance of retrospection—is sufficient to show that government has not hitherto sufficiently realized the grave and growing character of this pressure. They refer to last April. The panic of last April subsided; but the pressure did not. That ministers fully thought their difficulties over, may be presumed from the circumstance that before the end of that month they brought forward again the proposition of lending £620,000 to certain Irish railways. The subsequent six months have not justified the wisdom of that security. It is due to ourselves to observe, that when the first lord of the treasury and the chancellor of the exchequer think fit to say in their note to the authorities of the bank that they were encouraged to expect the prevailing distrust would subside, ‘by the speedy cessation of a similar state of feeling in the month of April last,’ we have not the honor to be included in that statement. If they will do us the favor to read some remarks that appeared in this place on the 28th of April, they will find our distrust had in no wise abated; but that, on the contrary, we felt less confidence than ever in consequence of the Irish railway loan; and were emboldened to predict circumstantially, and to the very letter, the present most melancholy condition of affairs.

“The measure destined, we cannot but fear, to give to October 25, 1847, rather a disastrous prominence in the chronicles of trade, will allay the panic and increase the pressure. It will give a new start to all the causes which have lately so much augmented expenditure, but checked and hampered reproduction. We do not, therefore, anticipate any immediate ill effects. It is for the future that we fear. The bank charter act is virtually surrendered. The purposes of that act, may, perhaps, be supplied by other arrangements. But a new principle is introduced. Government now comes forward as a great money-lender. It proposes to bolster up the credit of the country by increasing the circulation. That is an impossible attempt. Whenever the new principle shall come into actual operation, it will be found that government can lend its gold, but cannot at its will force an additional quantity of paper into use. A few days may pass, a few weeks, or even a few months, may elapse, before the new principle is put to the proof. When it is, it will be seen whether we can diminish the

gold in the bank without inducing a panic, a run for gold, and other disasters far more serious than those which it was the object of the measure to obviate.”

*Morning Chronicle*—“We feel that we may congratulate both the ministry and the country on the events of yesterday. An act of prompt and vigorous statesmanship has rescued the one from the fate which inevitably overtakes the feeble, the misguided, and the pusillanimous; and the abrogation of a dangerous and irritating law has conferred upon the other a welcome and necessary interval of rest, after a period of excitement and collision which will forever render the closing months of the present year a melancholy page in the history of our country and our commerce. At present we chiefly see and feel the immediate blessings of the relief in its reviving influence over a prostrate credit and a stagnant industry. We behold the return of a tinge of cheerfulness over a landscape from which we have seen with so much solicitude the departure, day by day, of first one ray of sunshine and then another, until the advent of an utter darkness appeared to be close at hand. Our marts and our exchanges are again instinct with a hopeful activity; and, under the impulse of a pardonable alacrity, we are in haste to conclude that a measure, of which the beneficence is so soon and so plainly apparent, may well content itself with the testimonials which the happy transitions of the present moment so profusely furnish of its wisdom and its efficacy. We suspect that, to the students of a future and less deeply interested generation, the instant and salutary relief, great though it be, will become by far the most secondary consideration. They will not fail to perceive, that the timely intervention of the royal prerogative at a critical juncture was the means of averting a severe trial and a great scandal from the institutions of the country; that a people smarting under an accumulation of evils, which by the most persevering and patient argument they had traced with the clearness of demonstration to an artificial and legislative origin, were not suffered by the negligence of the authority in whose hands the law had placed a paramount discretion, to urge their petitions and their remonstrances in vain until supplication passed into discontent, and discontent deepened into a sedition, which set at nought the law it could neither amend nor obey. They will do more than this; they will see that the chosen leader of a great party, who had been placed by the almost unanimous consent of his countrymen at the head of a popular government, did not, by a fatal and derogatory negligence of the facts of a severe crisis, bring confusion and disruption into the ranks of his supporters, and again reduce the name of a whig government into the category of things which men regard with aversion and distrust.”

*Globe*—“The bank charter is thrown overboard. Truly we care not what whale swallows it. If it was not thrown overboard even before it was taken aboard, (to indulge an Iricism,) it was not for the want of broad hints, and sinister auguries, from all the ‘old hands.’

‘Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique

Vatibus occurra, peritura parcere Chartæ.’

It was impossible, however, more genteelly to beg any convict's pardon on turning him off, or to assure him more considerably that his suspension would be a mere temporary matter. It may be long enough, nevertheless, to do his business. Civility, however, costs nothing. The official civilities to

the bank charter act, on this occasion, remind us rather of those to Master Barnardine at an analogous crisis; and the rumored ministerial confidences with the late prime minister resemble those with Jack, in the Tale of a Tub, to get his consent to the tying himself up. The job being done, we are not disposed to quarrel with the preliminaries; and, assuming the accuracy of those reported, we cannot but admit that the dramatic unity of Sir Robert Peel's career has been preserved by thus making him, as it were, an accessory (though not this time a principal)—bringing him in, as it were, at the death—of another integrant of his own policy—to follow Catholic restrictions, and corn-laws to the tomb of the Capulets. This one, indeed, is only consigned there, like Juliet, with views of resurrection; but we have faith in the ordinary rules of the monetary drama for the catastrophe."

*Daily News*—"Ministers certainly deserve credit for having broken the charm of 1844. It is pity, however, that they should have gone to consult the old necromancer himself, who laid on the charm, as to the mode in which this should be done. The position as well as the character of Sir Robert Peel warranted, that his advice, whatever it might be, would not be such as to enhance the honor of his rivals and consultants. It could easily be foreseen that his counsel to them would be a half measure, or a bit of a measure. Any large stride in the modification of his own past views, or in the propitiation of public opinion, Sir Robert is the most likely man in the world to keep for himself. He, no doubt, dislikes that any one should have the honor of abrogating the law of 1844, save himself. He has therefore enjoined upon Sir Charles Wood the smallest possible departure from it; and even that is done, in the letter to the bank, as if it were a heresy—heresy against Peel—for which the minister evidently prays that he may be pardoned. \* \* \* With this crisis the prestige that so long accompanied the influence of the bank is dispelled. Hitherto that body was proud of having been the means of keeping down the rate of discount. It is now forced to come forward and fix a minimum of discount higher than our money-market has known for a very long period; and that it is higher than, under the circumstances, the current rate in the market ought to be, is confessed in the novel stipulation for a division of the expected profits with the crown."

*Morning Post*—"At last her majesty's ministers have given way to the dictates of plain common sense, pressed upon them by the fearful necessity of the crisis. It is evident that even at this last hour they have done so with reluctance. The votaries of the Peel monetary policy have died hard. But the system is now dead. Let us see who will dare to revive it. The bankers of London, who remonstrated against the restrictive law of 1844, were not listened to. The present chancellor of the exchequer, in his place in parliament, actually sneered at their anticipations of possible pressure. The bankers of London were right. The Peel contriver of monetary restriction, and his adviser, Jones Loyd were wrong. Lord John Russell and Sir Charles Wood, and the rest who confided in the self-regulating powers of the bill of 1844, were wrong. Let ministers fence as they may with the circumstances, and die upon the question with the largest circumlocution, still the end is that they avow their error, and give way. We are no longer to be tied down to the tyrannical pedantry and non-

sense of the bill of 1844. We owe to that measure the dreadful monetary crisis; which we think will, in a great degree, pass away, now that reasonableness and common sense have been admitted to the councils of the government. We owe also to that measure that even now money is to cost 8 per cent. per annum. Surely the time will come when the people of England will 'visit for these things,' and openly avow their contempt for the pretending politicians who have done such enormous mischief, and have so late come to the rescue. The two curses which the last Peel government inflicted upon this country were restriction of the monetary means of the country, and unrestricted competition of foreign industry with home industry, under the name of free trade. To one of these branches of impolicy the first great blow has now been given; but we have but half gained what is due to the British people, until the quackery of free trade is also abandoned as an impracticable folly."

*Standard*—"There is a benefit afforded by the work of yesterday far beyond the present relief, direct or indirect: the bill of 1844 is effectually repealed by it at once and forever. The blow to the bill of 1844, and to all the measures of the author of that bill having reference to the same subject, is fatal. This one monument of the Peel policy is shattered to fragments; and this, let it be remembered, is nearly the only monument of his statesmanship which he had not previously shivered with his own hands. It is something thus to have a troublesome and importunate obstacle removed from the road to recovery; for after yesterday's work, it is impossible that Sir Robert Peel can ever again be accepted by any one as qualified to assist in the councils of the nation. With respect to the future, let us declare our hope that the breathing-time afforded by the arrangement made yesterday will be employed in devising a better system of currency than that which has proved so unfortunate in 1820, 1822, 1826, 1831, and in the present year. We do not affect to believe that any system of currency can go far to restore the wealth and commerce of the country sacrificed by 'free trade'; but a better system than the system of Sir Robert Peel will palliate much actual distress, and, by proving the incompatibility of any efficient currency with free trade, will lead to the restoration of protection as the one complete means of cure. It is something meanwhile that the idol of the economists has been broken—the Dagon has fallen—that 'his head and hands have been cut off, and that only the stump of Dagon is left to him.'"

#### HOW IS THE SANATORY COMMISSION GETTING ON?—APPROACH OF THE CHOLERA.

THE cholera is approaching with slow but steady march from the east; it will probably arrive in the winter; and it will still find us unprepared to meet it. Our cities are themselves depositories of disease; they contain the raw material of epidemics, miasma, and await the pleasure of the wind to give that foul air its specific virus.

"All the diseases of the zymotic class," says the Quarterly Report of the registrar-general, just issued—"such as small-pox, measles, scarletina, typhus, influenza, and cholera—have the remarkable property of becoming epidemic. After certain intervals of time, in which they are fatal to a smaller or greater number of persons in different places and



seasons, great multitudes are suddenly attacked and destroyed in a given locality; the disease in this intense form involves the neighboring population, spreads around whole regions, and sometimes travels over the tracks of human intercourse through the world. Little is known of the immediate chemical or vital causes of epidemics; but in given circumstances, where many are immersed in an atmosphere of decaying organic matter, some zymotic disease is invariably produced: where there is starvation, it is most frequently typhus; cold, influenza; heat, it is cholera, yellow fever, plague. At the mouths of the Ganges, of the Nile, of the Niger—in London, particularly up to the seventeenth century—in camps, in barracks, in ships, in prisons, formerly—in Ireland, in Liverpool, in all our towns now—the circumstances in which zymotic diseases become epidemic may be witnessed. \* \* \* Influenza appears generally to become first epidemic in Russia; cholera, in India."

The typhoids we have with us always, ready to become epidemic on the occasion of any depressing influence—bad weather, failure of employment, poverty, failure of food.

We are not only unprepared to meet the coming enemy, but in every great centre of disease we see an unusually bad state of health. The mortality throughout the country has diminished since it reached its maximum in the March quarter of 1847, (56,000;) but in the great towns it is very bad indeed. "In London," says the registrar-general, "there has been no sign of improvement: 10,987, 12,601, and 13,187 deaths, were registered in the September quarters of 1845, 1846, and 1847;" the zymotic class of disease advanced in those periods from 2,409 in the September quarter of 1845, to 3,234 in that quarter of 1846, and 4,061 in the present quarter. Epidemic fever has been more fatal in Manchester than in London; Birmingham and other large towns to the north have suffered; and Liverpool, ill-built, open to the Irish irruption, has been all but decimated: at the last census its population was 223,054; in the September quarter of 1847 the deaths were 5,669—the total of deaths in the three quarters being 13,546. From Scotland there are no such accurate returns as those under our registration act; but we know how Glasgow has been visited, we know how it is settled abode of fever; and from Edinburgh we have grievous complaints. Dublin is the capital of Ireland and its fever.

What steps have we taken to arrest the coming cholera—to make a clear deck for meeting it? None. London is in as bad a state as ever it was since sanitary reformers began the arduous task of attempting to cleanse it. This week we have more complaints of that "Enon Chapel" whose foundation is a mass of rotten human flesh; and on Monday night there is to be a ball in the chapel at sixpence a head! These old and overloaded grave-yard nuisances have been known for years; but they are kept up, and the mortality tables show the results. The registrar-general, in his current report, denounces the bad construction of Liver-

"Liverpool, created in haste by commerce, by men too intent on immediate gain—reared without any very tender regard for flesh or blood, and flourishing while her working population was rotting in cellars—has been severely taught the lesson, that a part of the population, whether in cellars or on distant shores, cannot suffer without involving the whole community in calamity."

The fever is not confined to the squalid parts of the town, nor to the lazarettos on the Mersey, but is "getting more prevalent among the upper classes."

Edinburgh—the "own romantic town" of Walter Scott, and proud to exhibit the poet's most splendid monument—is in a vile condition. The arrangements for drainage are miserably imperfect, or in some parts altogether wanting. Romantic Edinburgh, so beautiful to the outside view, is full of rottenness within. The city contains some seventy-eight "killing-booths, used by butchers, besides large clusters of slaughter-houses," with many other killing places, irrespectively of the practice among butchers of killing smaller stock in their back-shops or cellars. The city is dotted with knackers' yards, places for the manufacture of manure, ill-kept tanners' yards, &c. Large piggeries exist in many parts; pigs, often fed upon soup made of carrion, are kept in the lower portions of private dwellings. "It may sound strange in the ears of denizens of the New Town to be informed, that between St. Stephen's church and the New Academy is a favorite spot for the rearing of pigs." And the abominable practice which has made infamous the Edinburgh cry of "gardez l'eau!" still braves feeble attempts at repression; surviving in those back courts and streets where it is peculiarly noxious. The law provides no efficient power to cope with these nuisances.\*

We need not look out for special evidence as to the state of Dublin in these respects—it is the capital of Ireland.

What has been done? A commission has been appointed, to investigate and inquire—in the metropolis! As if the metropolis were the only part in danger. Besides, the commission includes men who have been investigating and inquiring, and who have plans ready prepared. It is not inquiry that we now need, but action. The time to spare between this formidable report by the registrar-general and the actual arrival of the deadly visitant will probably be brief; we cannot make quite ready to meet it—we cannot, in a season, reconstruct streets and drains with a view to prevent the plagues of the nineteenth century; but we might do much in the way of mere regulation. Mr. Herapath suggests one course for cholera, founded on a principle which our correspondent Mr. Sheward calls in question; the public wants some settled authoritative guide. But beyond

\* See a remarkable pamphlet published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, and Messrs. Blackwood and Sons—"Nuisances in Edinburgh, with Suggestions for the Removal thereof: addressed to the General Commissioners of Police. By Alexander Murray, Inspector of Lighting and Cleaning."

that, it is desirable to make our abodes as clean and clear of disease as possible—the cholera will be quite enough of itself. Now we have no wish to waste words in reproaches about the past, provoking as it is to see the government of this great country unable to cope with notorious nuisances of the basest and squalidest kind—the rulers of the British empire slinking away before knackers and low lodging-house keepers; but our want of earlier preparation should at least be in part expiated by the utmost exertion to do what can be done now. Some of us must die of this coming cholera; but do not let our officials leave the public unprepared for another. The least they can do is to clear the path of the sanitary commissioners, and fill their hands with power sufficient for the occasion.—*Spectator*, 30 Oct.

#### THE POST BETWEEN PARIS AND LONDON.

It may occasion some surprise that it should remain for the *Morning Chronicle*, at this day, to suggest such an acceleration of the public post-office communication between London and Paris as should enable it to keep pace with *private* communications. At present the reverse is the case, to a remarkable degree. The slowness of the post acts as a protection to certain private postmasters who carry on a brisk business; and people whose affairs require a rapid interchange of letters depend on such private channels. The despatches for the newspapers are daily delivered in London fifteen or even twenty hours before the letters transmitted through the post-office. And from the more dilatory habits of the French post-office, the case is yet worse in Paris; the letters which in London would be delivered early in the morning being detained in the office till past noon. \*

We are now speaking of the ordinary condition of things; but occasionally the delay will be still greater—as when a Sunday intervenes. An instance occurred this week in our own experience; a letter written in Paris on Thursday the 21st, quite in time to have been brought that night to London, but too late for the leisurely proceedings of the post-office, reached us on Monday the 25th. We have before had reason to complain of the delays interposed by the bungling and espionage of the German post; but here we find a nearer neighbor at fault, and our own office participating in the offence.

The *Chronicle* announces that the South-eastern Railway Company is about to send a deputation to Paris, to consult with the directors of the French Railway as to the mode of facilitating the communication between the two capitals. Of course the authorities of the two post-offices will seek to be parties to the consultation. If a rapid post and two mails a day are necessary between London and Edinburgh, they are more necessary between London and Paris; and it would be quite possible to have a transmission of letters posted and delivered within sixteen hours.

It should be remembered, that mere rapidity of transmission is not the only desideratum; it is most desirable that the letters of commercial men should be received at least as soon as those which reach any other class in the country; and as to the government, it ought to secure to itself absolute priority of information as a standing rule—not by keeping back the intelligence of private persons, but by outstripping it.—*Spectator*, 30 Oct

#### THE CAPTURE AND RE-CAPTURE OF MEXICO.

THE last account from Mexico, certainly not an official one, but creditable enough to alarm even the most sanguine of the democratic party in America, represents General Scott, after having fought his way from the coast to the vicinity of the capital, and from that capital through forts and entrenchments into the city itself, and through its streets and barricades to the possession of its citadel and public square, to have been driven back out of the city by an uprising of the mob. This is not an unusual fate of generals, who triumph over regular forces and scientific military resistance, but are worsted by a multitude of ragamuffins, armed with paving-stones and popular fury. This was nearly the fate of the French at Naples and Madrid. The leperos of Mexico have been compared to the lazzaroni of Naples, the laziness of the Neapolitan being in them thickened with Indian listlessness. The plunder of the cathedral and the profanation of its walls are said to have roused the leperos, who achieved what Santa Anna failed in, viz., drove the Americans out of the city.

It is needless to remark, that such successful resistance would prove the signal for the Mexican population, hitherto wavering and timid, to rise and engage in a general though desultory war. Already the deputies of the more central and important states had adjourned congress to the town of Queretaro. A great portion of the army will flock to them, and as regular strategic resistance ceases with the command of Santa Anna, a system of guerilla and irregular warfare would no doubt commence, which nothing but gigantic efforts and expenditure on the part of the Americans, with a long lapse of time and success, could finally overcome.

Such are the tactics of the Mexicans, such the evident determination of their leading men, and apparently of the priesthood, which throughout the country holds lieu of all other links and institutions and government. That this feeling and resolve is general, and not to be duped or trifled with, is pretty evident from the conduct of Santa Anna, who no doubt returned to Mexico with the idea of concluding an agreement with the Americans, and was allowed by them to pass their blockade on this very understanding. But Santa Anna, surrounded by his army, and watched by the deputies of congress, could do nothing else than fight manfully, and consent merely to such conditions of peace as Mr. Trist could not listen to.

This envoy demanded no less than to cut ten degrees off of the northern extremity of Mexico, which, with the seven degrees of the Oregon wrested from England, forms a very pretty empire, thus making indeed a second United States on the Pacific. The peninsula of California was of course to be included. The Mexicans, however, at once refused to cede New Mexico, the Spanish population of which had shown the greatest aversion to American rule, the greatest resistance to their arms. The Mexicans declared they would not give up such a province to slavery and the United States. To this they were the more spirited, from their sentiments being echoed by all the people of the northern states of the Union, who are at this moment as much alarmed at the annexation of New Mexico, as they were a year or two ago at the annexation of Texas. There seems indeed no end to the prospect of southern and slave states, and to the utter destruction of all balance between northern and southern influences. Mr. Trist moreover offered

a high price for the Californians; but the Mexicans refused to cede more of these than the territory and bay of San Francisco, which by the course of its river is naturally connected with the Oregon, and forms indeed its obvious seaport. So small a concession did not satisfy Mr. Trist. And yet in so critical a position was the American army, that the envoy asked for a truce of forty-eight days to allow of his referring to his government touching the possibility of its desisting from its claims over the disputed territory between the Bravo and the Nueces.

Great Britain has wisely abstained from interference as arbitrator, which indeed was impossible. It is evident, that the best chance which the Mexicans have of obtaining favorable terms, consists in the support which their offers will obtain from the anti-slavery party in the United States. But in order to this party preserving its influence, it is necessary that the president should be unable to appeal to any excitable feeling. If the English were supposed to under-work the Mexicans, this would call up the spirit of even the Yankees against them. Or, if the Mexicans should inflict any signal defeat or disgrace on the American arms, then too President Polk might appeal to popular feeling to support him in outrageous war. Bating these causes of excitement, the Americans will probably weary of expenditure, and turn from the prospect of an interminable, and, should resistance turn to guerillas, an inglorious war. In that case Mexico may have, if not her own, at least a fair frontier and reasonable conditions.—*Examiner*, 30 Oct.

#### PUNCH'S LATEST FROM MEXICO.

THE Blarney Castle has arrived at Liverpool. Her dates are from New York the 15th, Boston the 16th, and the day previous from the seat of war. She brings specie to the amount of two millions of rupees, and files of the New York papers. The correspondent of the *Locofoco* says—

"General Growdy's division yesterday came up with the main body of the Mexican force, under General Cabanas, at Rionogo, where the New Orleans Picayune informs us that a severe engagement took place. Both parties won the victory, and were repulsed with severe slaughter. Santa Anna was present in the action, in the course of which his head was shot off. He subsequently addressed a heart-stirring proclamation to the Mexican nation, in which he described the action of the 27th, which ended in the utter defeat of the Americans, whose victory, however, cost them dear.

"Immediately after their success, they proceeded to evacuate the town, which they bombarded the next day. The American troops were annihilated after a trifling skirmish, in which Santa Anna lost his leg, which was amputated on the spot, before the retreat of the Mexicans upon Cacapulco. It is reported that he has yielded the presidency to General Nosotros.

"General Whack's brigade is at Sangarbanzos, hotly pursued by the Mexicans. In this disaster the indefatigable Santa Anna was wounded severely, a cannon-ball from a howitzer taking off his right hand. From this place, after the operation, he wrote a pathetic appeal to the Mexican senate, and complained bitterly of the cowardice of General Pumanillas, who was at Nossa Senhora de las Podridas, harassing the flanks of Major Cowitch's Alleghany Rangers.

"General Scott was unwell; but it is not true that he has been compelled to take Jalapa. Major

Bung's artillery is at Todododos. A deserter from the enemy came in yesterday. He says that President Santa Anna received a twenty-eight pounder through his body, after which he renewed the action.

"The bombardment of Los Leperos is not confirmed. Santa Anna received a congreve-rocket in the left knee there, and has ordained the formation of a similar corps. I shut up, as the courier is going.

"The legion of Saint Nicholas, under O'Scraggs, performed prodigies of valor on both sides. Plunging into the thickest of the *mêlée* at Pickapockatickiel, O'Scraggs engaged personally with General Ragg, whose pocket-handkerchief, after a severe struggle, he succeeded in carrying off. It has been hung up in the cathedral of Mexico, amongst the other colors taken in the campaign.

"In the engagement at Santos Ladrones, so creditable to both sides, O'Scragg, whose legion was then acting with the American army, had almost taken prisoner Santa Anna, who had both legs shot off by our brave bombardiers; his silver snuff-box, however, was captured out of the general's coat pocket, as he fled from a field where he had covered himself with so much glory.

"Captain Scraggs used the snuff-box on the last day of his brilliant existence, when he died the death of a hero, being hanged before the American lines, to the delight of both armies."

From the Spectator.

IRELAND displays an accession in the usual contrast of heterogeneous elements—a turbulent and helpless destitution; a new burst of sectarian bigotry; and a government steadily enlightening its subjects by firm and sage counsels.

The great tenant-right meeting at Kilmarthomas, in Galway, was painfully characteristic of the national levity. The meeting was summoned to consider the means of obtaining a law of tenant-right; it proved to be a monster meeting, only with a new pretext; the tenant-right, so called, which the speakers claimed, was really fixity of tenure; and in the midst of the business, the occasion became a repeal meeting for the presentation of an address and some "rent" to Mr. John O'Connell!

The new sally of bigotry is a fresh denunciation of the "godless colleges," in the shape of a rescript from the Sacred College at Rome, bearing, unfortunately, the sanction of Pius the Ninth; the Irish colleges are condemned, and the Roman Catholic clergy are enjoined to take no share in promoting those institutions. It is possible that the head of the Roman Catholic church is too much bound by the routine of the Sacred College to act with the liberality that might have been expected of him. It is to be observed that Pius has hitherto done nothing which is not *orthodox*; and he may justly ask, whether he might not impair his own usefulness if he were to raise any doubts among the faithful as to his own ecclesiastical infallibility. Besides, it is to be remembered that the English government is without any real representative at Rome, and that the pontiff is thus left at the mercy of *Irish* statements touching the colleges. However, in the present stage of the affair, it is not for British ministers to question the course adopted by the head of the Roman church; still less is it for them to yield; it is for him to consider what he deems necessary for discipline within the pale of his church—it is for them to consider what is good and proper for British subjects. The colleges must go for-



